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Vol. 10 No. 11 50p

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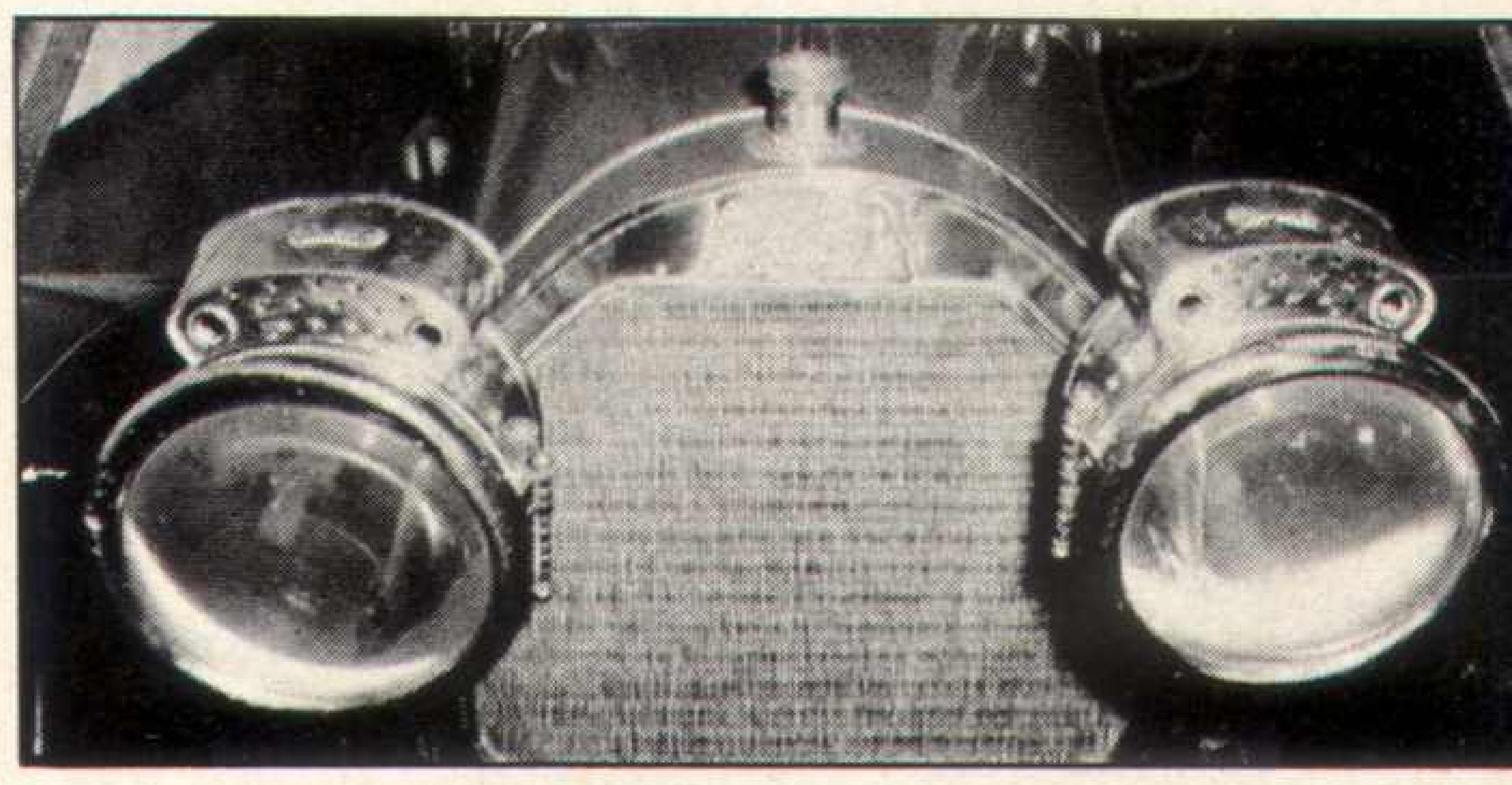

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LETTERS

This is where we invite you to add to the controversy and the anecdote of Mayfair. Only those letters bearing the name and full address of the writer can be used but all requests for anonymity will be upheld and name and addresses reduced to initials and town on request. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

My compliments to Roderick Grant for his mini-masterpiece *The Execution* in *Mayfair* Vol 10 No 9. To me, it was a totally believable story and the illustration by Reg Cartwright, beautifully set the mood of tranquillity which Geoffrey Arundel desired to recapture.
R S, Croydon

Carrie in Vol 10 No 8 was superb. I wonder if Don Lawrence had been inspired by fact, as Carrie's plight on page 111 closely resembles a method used to subdue a recalcitrant harem girl in days gone by.
Europeans rarely gain access to a harem, but I knew a man who was given a partial guided tour of a harem. He was shown the punishment section. The equipment consisted of a metal collar fastened to the floor with about three inches of chain, with the wrist cuffs either side of it, about two feet in front. The ankle cuffs were suspended by chains from the ceiling, at such a height that an average girl would have had only her head, arms and shoulders on the floor and the body suspended upside down with legs well apart.
The guide explained that the whip was then applied between the girl's parted thighs. He said that this was the most painful way for a woman to be flogged and that he'd never known it to fail to reduce even the most stubborn girl to obedience.
R W, Towyn, Wales.

Carrie, in August *Mayfair* was superb, largely because Don Lawrence had her in bondage. Please keep her tied up.
(*Name and address withheld*)

A big bouquet to *Mayfair* for bringing us the unadorned charms of Prunella Keaton in Vol 10 No 9.
Not so much for showing us her gorgeous pointed breasts on page 84, nor for her beautifully smooth rounded bottom on page 85. My praise is for her delightful, delicate feet.
To me, a woman's feet are far more on-turning than any other part of her anatomy. At home, I love washing my wife's feet, then holding and caressing them – they feel so small, frail and helpless, resting in my big hands.
A S, Cardiff

Sounds as if your wife, A S, really has to toe the line.

I've noted that ever since I've been buying *Mayfair* your nude pictorials have always been photographed in a bedroom, round a pool, on the beach etc. I would like to suggest that you tell a story in each girl feature.
Now, myself, I prefer the completely nude female body, unadorned by garments, feathers, flowers and the like. How about a set of pictures taken against the background of a doctor's surgery? Ever since my wife had to be examined to go on the Pill and I had to wait in the FPA waiting room while she undressed and was examined with gloved hand, I have found this whole concept arousing. One shot could be of the girl, presumably nude underneath, covering herself with a towel or a robe. Other shots could show natural poses, with say another girl in nurse's uniform in the background.
Just an idea of mine, but even if you can't oblige, please may we have more shots of pure nudity – without jumpers, scarves, corsets, stockings, etc.
G H, Maidstone, Kent

After reading E F's letter in Vol 10 No 9 my reaction is that she must have been a bloody puritan before she got married if she didn't know the size of her husband's penis. To put it

turn to page 10

TAITTINGER
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LETTERS

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bluntly it serves her right. And may I add for the benefit of one Bruce (nudge, nudge, know what I mean cobber?) Mallet, why shouldn't we take the piss out of Aussies? I mean old bean, there is no law against it what! what! So pip pip, old boy!
M O'S, Birmingham

I must compliment you on your centre girl choice for Vol 10 No 9 – Lindy Benson. Her beautiful face and lovely figure should be a delight to anyone. I think I can safely say she is the best girl since centre girl Claire Nicholson in Vol 9 No 11. If you don't have Claire in your Girls of the Year feature, next month, I'll be very put out. Reassure me.
R A Scott, Hexham, Northumberland

Consider yourself reassured.

As an American I must admit that I'd never seen *Mayfair*, until I arrived in England. Congratulations on the world's best adult magazine. I have only one observation to make. It is as follows:
I think that nearly every white man must dream of making it with a black girl. I wonder, therefore, why *Mayfair* doesn't provide us with more pictorials on coloured girls. There is a mystique, something incredibly sensual about a pretty black girl. I would have thought it quite easy to get coloured girls to pose for *Mayfair*, after all, in my own experience as an amateur photographer, they don't have the usual white hang-ups about going nude or topless.
I think also that black girls have a fascination with white men. After all, I believe the white man's penis is much longer and fatter when erect than that of our coloured brothers. The Japanese, indeed, have 'wee willie winkies' to use one of your colloquialisms. When I was in Viet Nam nearly all the prostitutes I had, told me that they preferred us to their own men, as we could give them inches more. Indeed, I read in the English trade press recently that a well known maker of male contraceptive sheaths has in fact entered the Japanese market but has had to make a smaller size for the Japanese men.
M O'R, San Diego, Calif.

I have been a regular reader of *Mayfair* for many years and although I have never previously written, I was prompted to this time because I believe that what I am about to recall will be of great interest to a lot of your readers.
I am 25 years old, five feet six inches tall, with red hair and a 36–23–36 figure. Until recently I worked as an airline stewardess and made frequent trips to Sweden where I discovered facilities catering for single girls (or unsatisfied married ones). There they can go in confidence, for professional treatment and a girl can get expert attention and complete sexual satisfaction without having to stop and think about VD, pregnancy or emotional involvement. These places seem to operate openly and within the law, and are not dirty, sleazy, backrooms or attics, but are well appointed, usually small consulting rooms in the more respectable parts of town. The last time I visited Sweden I was recommended to a new establishment by a friend of mine and was fortunate enough to be able to book an appointment for the following day, as usually these clinics have long waiting lists.
The clinic was at the top of a small apartment block and the bell was answered by a slim blonde of about 30 in a crisp white nurses' uniform and cap. She brought me a cup of coffee while I waited and noted my age, height, weight and statistics and then asked if I required any special or unusual treatment. When I said I didn't she suggested I have a 'complete sexual stimulation'. She asked me politely to pay the £6 fee in advance, and then took me into a consulting room where a man of about 35, wearing a white coat, rose from his desk to greet me. He was tall and blond and spoke in English. The nurse handed him the notes and withdrew into an adjoining room. He asked me one or two questions about myself and then invited me to undress, pointing to a screen if I was shy. I am not and I rather enjoyed undressing in front of him. He unfastened my bra and then made me bend over as he

turn to page 104

Things happen after a badedas bath

(they say it's got something to do with the horse chestnuts)

Welcoming waters, foamy, green and exciting. Heady with the mysterious magic of horse chestnuts. A fresh, invigorating sensation. A powerful lust for living. You might call it Lebenslust, if you happen to know the word. (But badedas says it better.) **badedas**

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DAWN

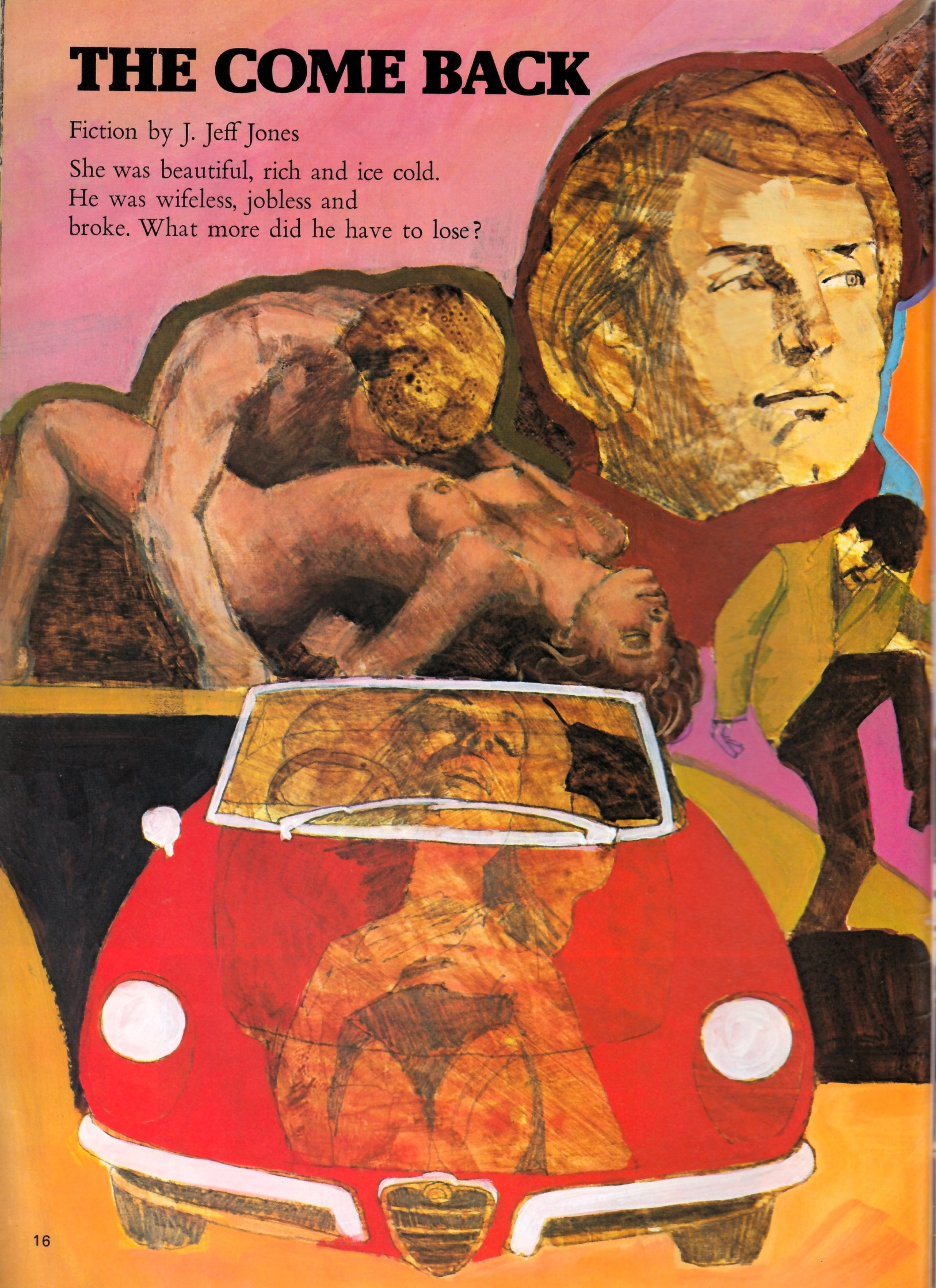
'The trouble is,' says 21-year-old Dawn Maxwell, 'that basically I'm clumsy. Two left feet and all that. I suppose you've heard how I came to be stark naked and soaking wet at Cowes this summer. I nearly died of embarrassment. I'd been out with some friends for a day's sailing on a yacht called *Debatable Two*. It was really super. Not that I know one end of a boat from the other. I'm the original landlubber. Can't even swim. Anyway, about six in the evening, we were coming back into Cowes and I'd

been press-ganged into hanging on to a rope when suddenly the boat sort of lurched and over I went. Luckily they hauled me out in no time, but for some reason I lost my bikini top and bottom. Everyone thought it was a laugh – especially all the Admiral's Cup crews. I thought 'if you can't beat them, join them,' so I ended up taking bows! Lucky they didn't find out at the library though – it might have been awkward.' Dawn's 5 feet 5 inch, 36–24–36 can, in the week, be found stamping books and tidying shelves in a Hampshire library, not all that far from her native Waterlooville. 'I can't tell you which library I work in. They think I'm a prim and proper Hampshire Miss. I couldn't destroy their illusions, could I?' smiles Dawn. 'Besides, I generally look far too frumpy at work for them to think I was a little sexpot underneath. I'm all tweed skirts and cardigans from Marks and Sparks. And none of your sexy undies either. I mean,' she adds grinning, 'who ever heard of a sexy librarian before!'

THE COME BACK

Fiction by J. Jeff Jones

She was beautiful, rich and ice cold. He was wifeless, jobless and broke. What more did he have to lose?



I was just sitting there staring painfully into space, depression eating through me like blue fever. It was another slack Friday night in Creamy Jean's, the new Manchester disco-club that belonged to a famous footballer, celebrityballer and sports page brat. Over on the dance floor some very sleek and glossy members of the Cheshire set were bopping to the sound of Brian Ferry. Although I was trying hard, I was sitting there barely drunk, very vacant, and slowly spending my month's pay in lieu of notice.

Not that getting fired off a job was such a serious number as all that. I had been through that routine at least five times in Manchester and twice in London. Never before, however, with such bad timing. Only a month previously, the wife (a veteran of four turbulent years), had packed up the cat, the kid and the stereo and moved back to Mumsy in Sussex. Mumsy had connections with the legal profession and it was only a few days later when an itemised list of very expensive demands arrived. If I disputed it my own lawyer's fees would cost me twice what he could possibly save.

Whatever happened, it was just something else to lump in with the mortgage, the colour telly, the new carpets, last summer's holiday, the credit cards, and an overdraft

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ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL GRIMSDALE

TIO PEPE
THE Sherry
TIO PEPE
TAKE IT COOL
GONZALEZ BYASS
JEREZ
PRODUCE OF SPAIN
GONZALEZ BYASS
JEREZ
MEDIUM DRY FINO
CABALLERO
SHERRY
PRODUCE OF SPAIN
GONZALEZ BYASS
JEREZ
MEDIUM DRY AMONTILLADO
LA CONCHA
SHERRY
PRODUCE OF SPAIN
GONZALEZ BYASS
JEREZ
SWEET GOLDEN
ROMANO CREAM
SHERRY
SEDOSO
GONZALEZ BYASS
JEREZ
SWEET AMOROSO
BRISTOL MILK
SHERRY
PRODUCE OF SPAIN
SAN DOMINGO
TRY CHILLED
GONZALEZ BYASS
JEREZ
OLD SWEET SOLERA
PALE CREAM
SHERRY
by GONZALEZ BYASS

The Come Back

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that had been running longer than 'The Mousetrap'. With all that terror slithering through the letterbox in little brown envelopes every month, the job was very important to me. What was worse, with national economics being what they were Advertising was in a slump and Art Director vacancies were thin on the ground. Anyway, my reputation had probably, like quicksilver, found its own level by then.

All these facts kept going through my head, intensely enough to keep me from feeling the full force of two bottles of Soave which I had drained into an empty stomach. Finally I was brought to attention by a stunning slap in the middle of my back. I turned and scowled at the bristled face of Grant, a photographer I had often worked with. He was short, dark and brutish and could have easily passed himself off as Semimodo, the hunchback's little brother. He hopped up on the next stool and ordered a bottle of Moselle.

'Congratulations,' he said, 'I heard the news.'

'Bad news travels fast,' I said.

'It keeps the rest of us feeling grateful.'

It was then, swivelling around for a change of view that I laid eyes on my salvation for the first time. It hit me out of nowhere, a shimmering vision of divine grace. About ten feet away, swaying between the tables was the finest, most heavenly formed arse I had ever seen. It was wrapped in skin tight, celestial white trousers and when I could tear my eyes away, I saw the rest of the cargo wasn't bad either. A yellow halter top was outlined by a Mediterranean tan and falling on fragile shoulders was an expensively cut crop of auburn hair. I couldn't see her face, but somehow I knew it would be all right. Better than all right, but even if it wasn't I didn't care, I was ready to sell my soul for that arse alone.

'Who the hell is that?' I asked Grant.

'You've never met Helena?' he replied, 'well, she's a mirage. Really, my friend, she's untouched by human hands.'

'Crap.'

'Absolutely not. She models a little, cruises the clubs . . . the good clubs you understand. She obviously likes to be admired, but no one I've ever talked to has managed to get within firing range.'

'Hard to believe,' I said, 'what do you think the problem is? Religious hang-up? Waiting for the clank of wedding rings?'

'Don't think so. She certainly doesn't need marriage. The family is loaded. Anyhow, forget it, you'll only get your ego bruised.'

'Wish I could take your advice,' I said, finishing my wine and slowly standing up. On the way around the dance floor I called in at the Gents and tried to put a bit of polish back on my image; cold water in the face, mouthspray, dandruff off the collar, and that sort of thing. When I found her she was with a small group, several of whom I knew well enough to nod at and stand next to. I kept staring until I got her attention, then eye locked with her big china blues. The face was great, in fact. Aquiline and confident. I let my gaze melt and slide down her body, taking in both bold nipples before rushing on to the shrink wrapped white French-cut trousers. Flat belly framed by high curved hipbones rising prominently before taking the plunge into a deep pouting labia cleft. I looked her back in the eyes, intently, no who's-for-tennis smile. She obviously liked something a bit darker and deeper than that. I offered her a cigarette.

Her arm flexed smoothly out like a cobra and plucked one from the pack. I zippoed the tip and just for a moment felt the warmth of her fingers as she steadied the back of my hand. I knew it was meant to be mildly provoking, but didn't let one muscle on my face get out of line. She inhaled deeply, swelling her breasts up against the cotton. It was a subtle challenge, seeing whether I would keep my eyes politely on her face. I looked down and savoured the erogenous weight of each full globe. And I made certain not to self-consciously defuse my own pleasure with a wink or a grin.

So far I was doing fine, not having given myself away as foolish, insecure, or needlessly crude. I was simply absorbing her deliberate erotic projection and feeding back a genuine reaction to it. But it struck me as unlikely she hadn't met anyone else who could do the same, especially in the tight, fast social circle she was moving in.

'Grant tells me that you're a model,' I said in a tone that tried to disown the banality of the comment.

'Does he?' she shrugged, 'Well I suppose I am, sometimes.'

Her voice had neither been whip-trained at finishing school nor had the flavour of aristocratic dust; nevertheless, there was an unmistakable chime of wealth in it.

'Who are you with?' I asked.

'I only work for friends.'

'If we get to be friends, then perhaps you'll work for me. I'm the Senior Art Director at Blathers and Duff.'

'Really,' she yawned.

Obviously she wasn't dazzled with job titles, probably not even with wealth, power or fame. So I quickly tried to shift to a different approach.

'No, as a matter of fact, I'm not.'

'You're not?'

'No, I got the push this afternoon. Since then I've been drinking myself around Manchester, and life has been getting darker and darker until you came along.'

'Aaha . . . how many times have you said that tonight?'

'Seriously. The instant I saw your . . . saw you walking across the room it brought me back to life.'

She hissed out a long steady shaft of smoke.

'And I've always believed,' I added, 'that the only purpose in being alive is going after the things you want.'

Her head snapped around at me, eyes looking directly into mine. She was suddenly switched into a deadly earnest state of mind. 'Not many people I've met even know what they want,' she said, 'They just float along with the crowd, trying to get money, security or a house in the

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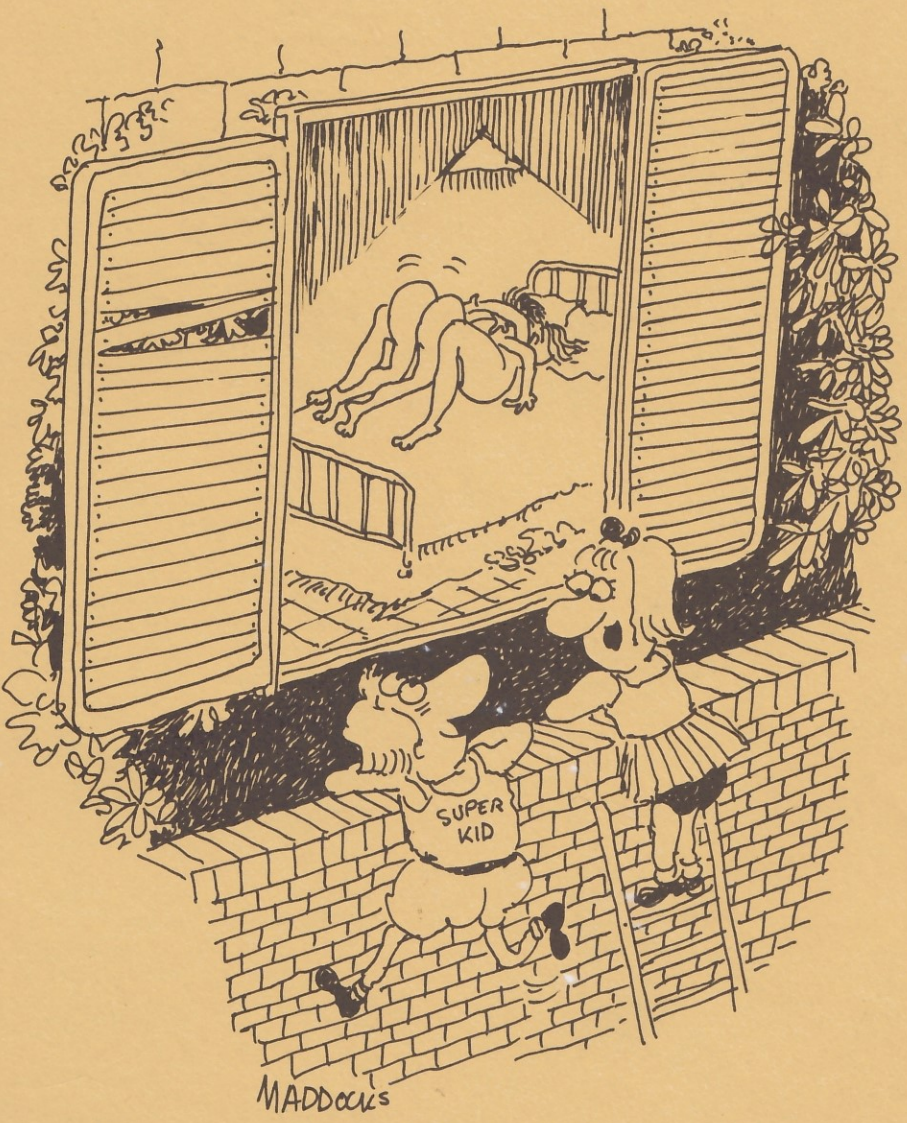
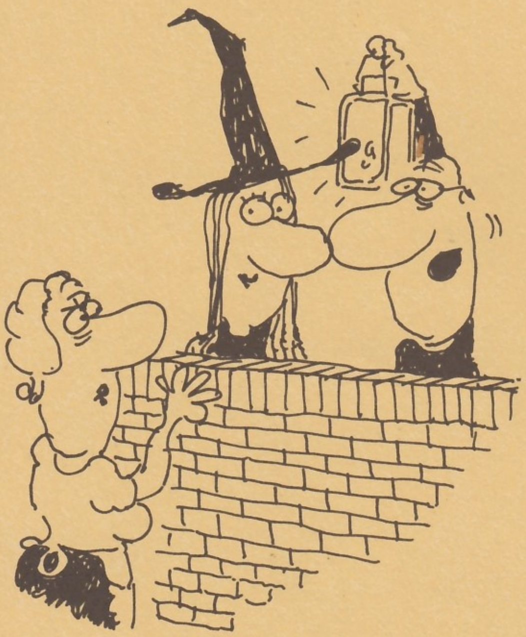


'I love Halloween, don't you? It's full of things that go bump in the night!'

THAT WITCH WE ARE ABOUT TO RECEIVE

Peter Maddocks suggests that
there's more than one way to keep
the spirits up on Hallowe'en

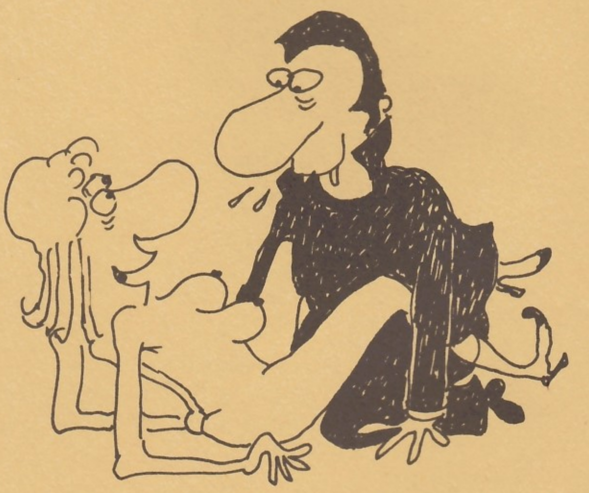


'Oh hello dear, I was just looking at the witch's little black pussy . . .'

HALLOWEEN
NIGHT
HAVE FUN
WITH
GHOSTS
&
GHOULIES

'Let's forget the ghosties – just hang on to the ghoulies!'

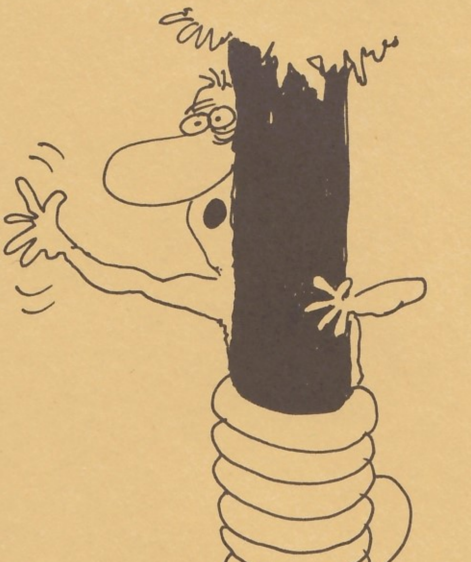
'I wish you'd learn to ride side-saddle!'



'Now you promise not to bite?'

'It was the luminous paint that scared them off!'

'That's no broomstick, dearie!'



'All right Miss, you win – I'll buy that book of spells!'

'Look George – Harry's into black magic again!'

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

Is all the permissiveness that's virtually compulsory these days bad for us men and even worse for our women? If you like, I'll put it vice versa – but the question still applies. Bedroom olympics are all very well (at least, that is what the question invites you to infer) but as with the price of TV rights for yer actual athletics version, the cost may be getting too high.

A moralistic tone, but not mine. Rather, it comes from no less than two of the latest significant works of fiction to reach me: significant, I should add, both sexually and socially.

One, **Making It** by Bertrand Blier (Cape, £3·95) is about two young male hippies on a rampage in France. The other, **Looking for Mr Goodbar** by Judith Rossner (Cape, £3·50) is about a young New York lass who loves the singles style and lives it.

They all have a riproaring, not to say jolly good time. In fact, if only one could cross-fertilise novels, maybe they'd meet and still be having their good time together. As it is, after a multitude of orgasms, cataclysms, lip-stretching sensations and mind-bending innovations, they end up contradicting the theory that only the good die young.

Along their primrose path, however, what experiences!

The two young Frenchmen, for example. They make a little money. Well, not to beat about the bush, they steal quite a lot of money. Then they use it. Well, not to beat about the bush, they give quite a lot of it to a nursing mother they chance to encounter on a train, in exchange for which . . .

'He went down on his knees, moved in between her legs. Attacked her blouse. Under the material her bosom was heaving. He undid the buttons one by one. Some lace appeared. A very special bra that hooked up in front. Pierrot fumbled in back and got all tangled up. Luckily the broad helped him out. It opened. Both their hands were shaking. They freed her bosom, the two breasts swollen with milk. Very gently, Pierrot bent over one grainy nipple and sniffed it greedily. He started to suck, the long-haired baby. He sucked and swallowed, harder and harder. The chick freaked a bit, murmured 'No, no, no' to him, then buried two frantic hands in his hair. And Pierrot started messing around under her skirt! And she started helping him out!'

The reason for the last burst of exclamation marks, incidentally, is that the two hippies (and we readers) know that any minute now the train will stop and the chick will alight with her baby – to meet her soldier husband.

Terry, heroine of the singles life, has her wickedly liquidly erotic moments, too. With a tough guy called Tony who's quite likely to knock her around and who screws her silly to the accompaniment of very loud rock music.

One night he tries a new routine – painting her with wine, spilling a little onto each nipple first, then bending down and sucking it off. Having thus excited her, he next inadvertently infuriates her by splashing the wine between her legs and staining the quilt of her big sexy bed. Ignoring her anger, Tony gently pushes her down and plays with the wine-wet hairs between her legs.

The pair of hippies, true to their ideal of spreading sweetness and light (and what better way than by spreading legs first?) hit upon an objective: they will hang around outside a women's jail until Ms Right is released – any ex-con will do so long as she's a lady at least up to her legs. Their theory is: just as a fellow on getting sprung dreams only of rolling on acres of tits, so a woman could ask for nothing better after maybe years of deprivation than two well-built young chaps with superstretch flies. So what if she is an old crone? All the more pleasure, they reckon, in feeling around, fumbling, and rekindling the embers into socking great flames of lust.

They find their dame, a dried-up flower of 10 years' jail-death, feed her up, feel her up, then crash a squat with her, into a spa-hotel that's temporarily closed out-of-season. There, amid veritable fields of fresh white sheets and under the glare of a million old-fashioned chandeliers, they go as far as two men and a woman can go. With one variant. At her insistence the two horny hippies strip naked but wear blindfolds while their randy object-of-rescue tries to rediscover, at the age of 40, the youthful ardour forgotten since her thirtieth birthday:

'I mounted and made her come three times. Then Pierrot took over and got her off three more times. And me again, Pierrot, and so on for a long time . . . We passed her back and forth at a wicked pace, lap after lap . . . She made love like war. She stabbed us in the back, tunneled with her bare hands and bored us from within. Her nails were tough. Her tongue was a flame-thrower, searing us with napalm . . . She laid siege to our weak places with endless patience and a wide imagination.

Pleasure comes (and so do we) where you find it. Terry finds it with different men in different ways. With the business man, for example, who insists on her voluntary abandonment of freedom: she virtually imprisons herself in his hotel room for the better part of a week, drenching herself in perfume, eating, drinking . . . making love.

She tries love (or, rather, a man who loves her) but finds it painful, literally, simply because in his inexperience the dear boy fails on his foreplay exam and even a well-shafted lady like Terry will remain dry until a guy turns her tap on.

Tony does it best:

'He lifted her hair and kissed the back of her neck. He reached under her arm so that he was holding her breasts. He began moving gently back and forth against her. She felt his penis growing bigger between her legs and realized, after a while, that she was moving back and forth against him, too, and that her whole body was warm and excited and that once again she wanted him in her . . . his penis almost naturally without help slipped into her. Then he began slowly moving around inside her and almost instantly she began coming, her whole body heaving with pleasure.

Now with all this pleasure dome of sexuality, as I've described it, one scene in France, the other in New York, how comes there's a catch, as indicated at the beginning? Ah, brothers, simple, you see. The two French hippies get their come-uppance when a car they lift turns out to be a vehicle they'd doctored a couple of hundred pages earlier by sawing half-through the back axle. Exit, Geronimo and out! And as for Terry, she's out with a bang when her literally last singles bar pick-up having upped her and tupped her finally 'ats' her with a lamp. Permissiveness, you see, may be all the rage, but even Mrs Mary W ought to find the morals of these tales highly satisfying.

KATHY PROMISES A GREAT DEAL

Slinky Kathryn Maynard (Vol. 7 No. 7) who is only one of the nude attractions in Mayfair's five issue bargain deal. For just £2.00 we'll send you Vol. 7 Nos. 6, 7, 8, 9 and 12.

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NIGHTLIFE

Kenneth Dowd

When times are hard, our friends the club owners search more diligently than ever to find that mystic formula which equates with success. We have all seen the syndrome of one club being a roaring success, and another similar premises a hundred yards away empty and an unexplained failure. Is there in fact an effervescent and necessarily ever present magic formula that is the key to a resoundingly successful nightspot? Well, it appears that there is and it becomes readily apparent if we list just a few of the currently successful spots in town, and examine the essential attraction which draws the punter. Basically, of course, it is all down to women. Each of these clubs attract girls of a certain mould and kind, who feel comfortable in the ambiance that is created for them and who therefore become themselves the major attraction for the male hunter.

What is it for instance that encourages a hundred chaps each night to go to **The Burlesque**, at 14-16 Bruton Place, Berkeley Square, W1? Could it be the drama of the room as you walk down into the sunken well of a dance-floor, surrounded by the sensual warmth of a hundred dancing bodies dimly defined in the subdued light? Perhaps also the attraction of a different beautiful girl who appears every fifteen minutes to perform an extravagant dance routine, watched enviously by the goodlooking talkable danceable waitresses in their figure-hugging black leotards set off by white belts around the waist? The attraction in this club is that those fellows are going to chat those attractive girls: either the lovely waitresses or the girls which Tony Engleman, one of the goodlooking team who run the *Burlesque* manage to attract down to the club as a result of the exciting atmosphere they have created there. And the fellows are no fools – girls A-la-Tony can be quite something! What sort of *Mayfair* reader would enjoy going there? Probably the advertising executive or the television production man – an adventurer with or without his girl.

Below the *Burlesque*, down a few stairs, lies the **Bristol Suite,** a different kettle of fish entirely. One could describe this room as the 'English equivalent of a Geisha House', where Joe 'Fingers' Griffith plays the piano in a happy swingalong style while beautiful girls serve you, and you relax on long low settees. Leslie Conn jollys-it-along by singing an occasional number, and even the shyest lonely male will most probably meet some girl to his taste, because Roz makes it her business to ensure that you are not left lonely in a corner. The staff are an advertisement for the club and some have been there for over two years, including Alison who is well-known to *Mayfair* readers as one of our covergirls. Drinks cost £1 each for a double whisky or other spirit, and food is available at between £4 and £5 per head if you wish to invite someone for dinner. What sort of *Mayfair* reader should go there? The shy fellow who is determined to enjoy himself, and who would like to meet attractive company in a relaxing friendly atmosphere.

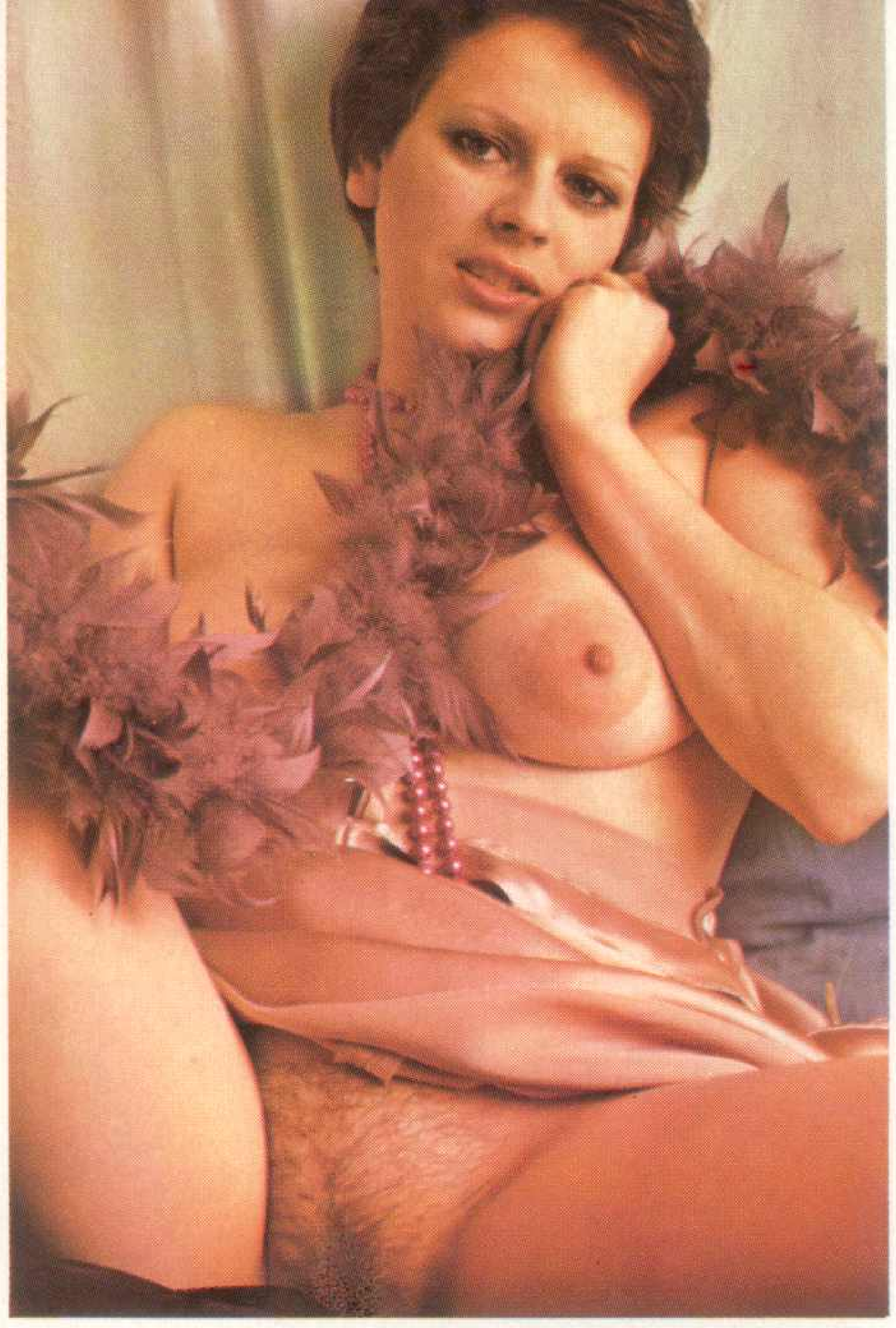
Slightly more expensive with drinks at £1·50 for a double spirit, but with cabaret at fifteen minute intervals from 10.30 pm till 2.30 am, is **Kabaret** at 70 New Bond Street, W1. A hard-working and happy trio plays music for your dancing, alternating with the girly show every quarter of an hour, and the club is managed by a spectacular looking German girl called Mona. Because of Mona, the club is always very busy, and she will make the introductions for you if you wish to meet or dance with a girl. What sort of *Mayfair* reader would best be suited there? Ideally, it's for entertaining – especially if you have the problem of overseas visitors who do not speak the language well and are of a risque inclination, since *Kabaret* conveys the feeling that you are doing something rather naughty down a few stairs off Bond Street.

MARY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

The gentleman who opined that 'little girls should be seen', (never mind 'and not heard'), obviously knew his onions bird-wise. Mary Rankin for example is just 5 feet tall, but lack of inches upwards is amply compensated by inches outwards. 36B–24–34 are figures to lighten the eye and quicken the pulse, topped as they are by blue eyes and auburn hair. Mary was born 21 years ago in Stirling, but deserted the banks and the braes for Weymouth

on the south coast when still a baby. 'My formative years were spent in Weymouth,' intones Mary seriously. 'My boobs were formed and my bum was formed . . .'. She breaks off laughing. 'Ha! Fooled you. Shall I be serious? OK. I went to school at the Broadway Secondary Modern, and because I was a very good girl, hem-hem, I got made a prefect. Then I left school and worked as a trainee in a hair salon called *Janita's*. I don't know if I had much talent, but I can't recall ever having cut off anyone's ear. I worked as a barmaid in the Crown Hotel too, before I came up to London a year or so ago. London's great – much livelier than Weymouth, even though Weymouth does have some pretty nice places like the *Quayside* disco in St Thomas Street and *Captain Bonkers* and the *Spinnaker* on the harbour. I got lucky in London and had a couple of really good jobs. Best of the lot was at the Brook Street Bureau finding jobs for other girls – I was good at that!' Mary pauses, taking a pull of her Pernod-and-orange. (Yes, it tastes as odd as it sounds!) 'Much as I like London,' continues Mary, 'I still visit Weymouth occasionally. Paddletown Forest is lovely and quiet. Romantic too – just the place to take your man of the moment. Yes, I'll chat a bloke up if I fancy him, but he won't last long if we're not physically suited unless he's got as silly a sense of humour as me. That's important, as sex isn't *everything*. Is it?'



The Come Back

continued from page 18

country. All the usual cheap ambitions. I suppose you think you're different?'

I stopped myself protesting just in time, thinking that the condescending bitch had really caught me by surprise.

'Sometimes I am, but mostly I'm not,' I said. 'But I suppose it's easy for you. You're obviously very sheltered from having to cope with the distasteful realities of life.'

'That's a matter of chance,' she said.

'You get a chance to make a choice too. You've obviously chosen to be a patrician cow.'

'Fuck off,' she replied sweetly.

☆ ☆ ☆

I poured myself a glassful from Grant's bottle, and looking across the room, kissed my salvation goodbye. Grant's mis-directed sympathy didn't help much.

'Don't get upset about missing out on a little Carnal Knowledge. There's not much to it anyway.'

'What?' I asked.

'Carnal Knowledge. It's another way of saying Inside Information. Something you're better off without anyway. It's expensive and bad for your health. Look what it did for me.'

I decided to go home and hit my cold, cold sheets. I ordered a bottle to take away, something to help me face the morning.

Outside the night was soothingly warm, the sky twinkling clear and the pubs had been shut long enough so that the streets were quiet and empty. So I thought anyway until I had walked about twenty steps up the alley, cutting through towards the all-night taxi rank. Three still shapes that had been clustered in the shadow of a doorway shifted and became human as I passed by. One of them wobbled towards me and a heavy voice said, 'That's him, that's the cunt there . . .'

Two other men stepped out and grabbed hold of the first.

'Come on Jack,' one of them said, 'don't start that again . . .'

'No, that's him, that's the bastard I want.'

Seeing them in the glow of the streetlamp, they all looked seedy, working class. Not especially tough though; too unfit and wrongly fed to make me worry. Anyway, only one of them seemed aggressively ambitious, just a bad-tempered drunk. Since his friends were holding him back, I turned and started walking away.

'Come back here you cunt!' he shouted, and I heard him running after me.

I thought that the most I would have to do is hold him off until his friends caught up and hauled him away. I set the wine bottle on the hood of a car and turned around, catching the first punch off the edge of my shoulder. There was hardly any impact and he went staggering past, off balance.

He turned for another attack as his two mates arrived. Instead of restraining him though, they stood off to one side.

'What's the matter with him?' I asked.

'You know how it is,' one of them said, shrugging.

The tough one moved forward, and I

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BRITAIN'S BEST BIRD CALENDAR

Mayfair's 1976 Colour Calendar

Mayfair's fabulous colour calendar, the biggest-selling glamour calendar in Britain, is back for 1976 with twelve sensational full-colour pictures of some of the greatest girls ever to appear in the magazine. Fresh from film success comes luscious Lesley Fears (above), the south coast beauty queen who took *Mayfair* readers by storm, and Lesley's just one of the attractions in this, our best-ever calendar. Each calendar is sent to you print-fresh in a plain, flat envelope to keep it crease-free. They make great presents too and at just £1·25 inc. postage, they're a real bargain. **Orders: Calendar '76, Mayfair, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2.**

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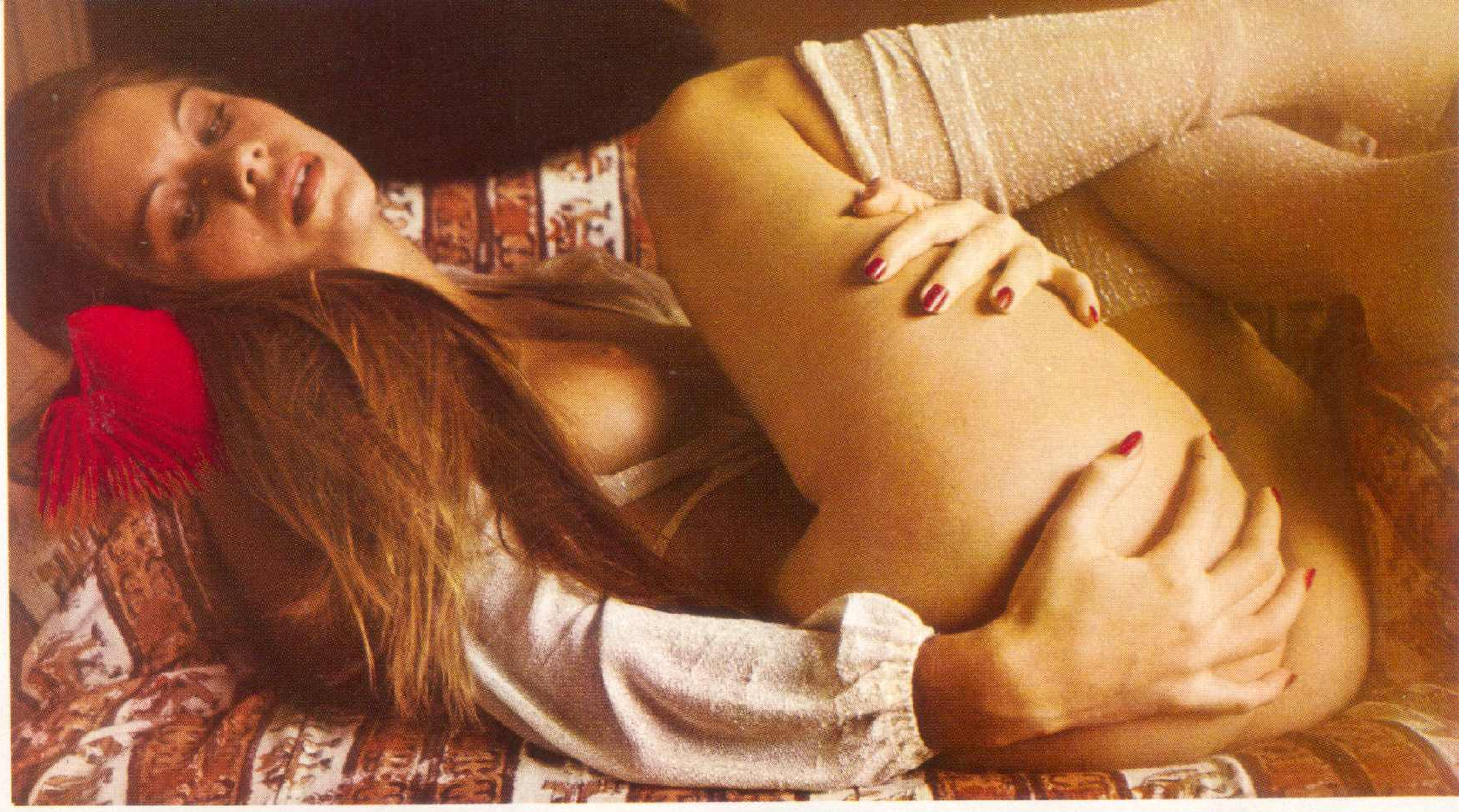
Samantha

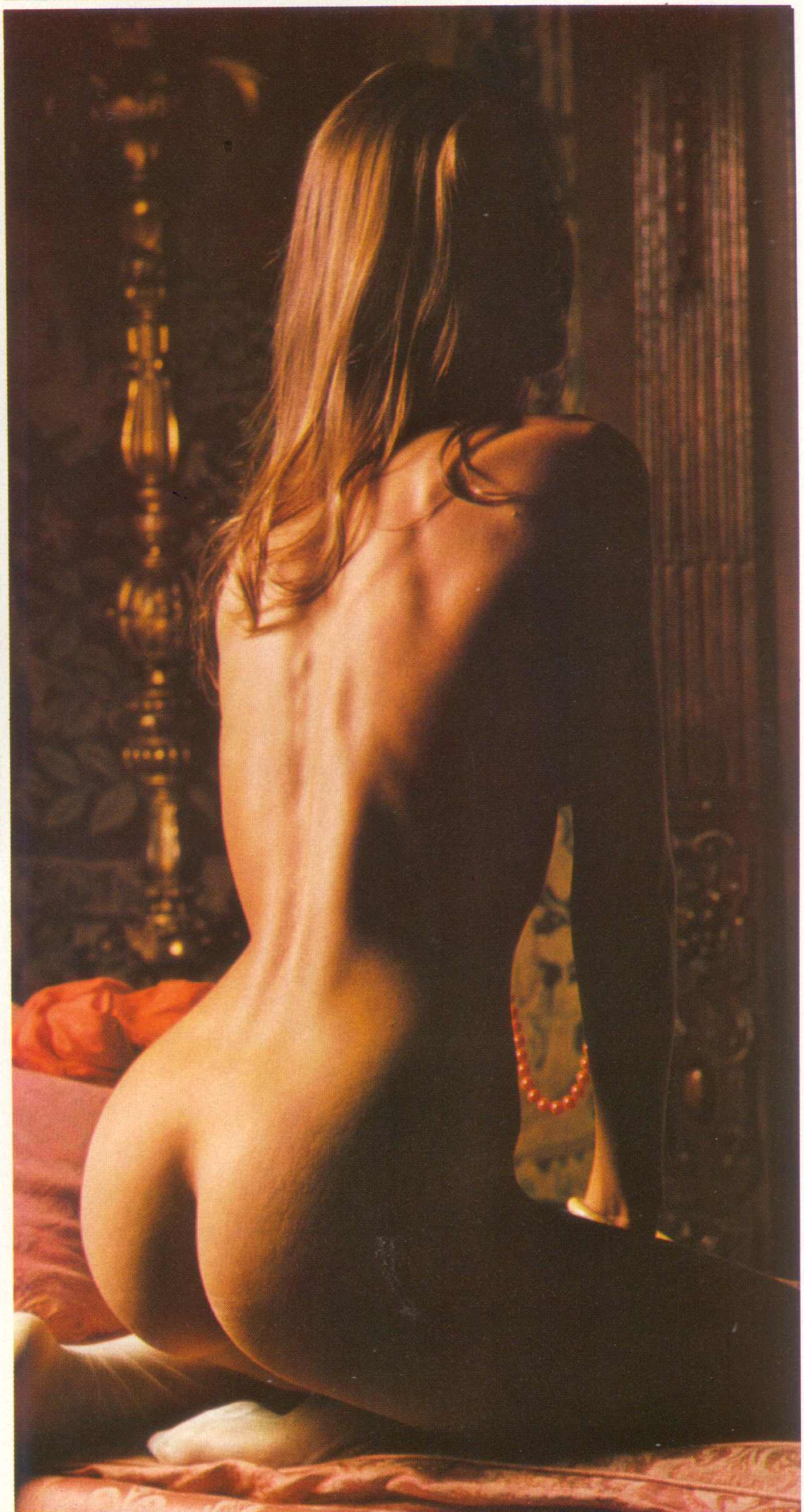
National Geographic magazine said it was envious of each and every one of Adelaide, South Australia's 850,000 inhabitants, and added that the city's botanic gardens makes one weep at their beauty. Twelve thousand miles away in South Kensington, London, 24-year-old Samantha Martin peers out the window of the flat she shares with two other girls and remarks that the weather's been so good that it's reminded her of home. She tosses her long brown hair behind her shoulders – her 35C breasts, bra-less, heave in her cheesecloth blouse, the outline of her nipples are just visible, as she settles the rest of her frame, 25 inch waist and 36 inch hips, into an easy chair. 'I went to Brighton High School in Adelaide . . . yes, nearly all Australian places are named after English ones. You'd have thought the early explorers could have



been a bit original. After school, I went straight into nursing at the Adelaide Children's Hospital. I suppose most people, in Australia too, think of Adelaide as being dull . . . it might have been once, but for the past few years we've had a very competent state Labour Government, with a swinging Pierre Trudeau-type Premier, Don Dunstan. But not to say that it all started then. I first had sex on the back seat of my then boyfriend's car at a Drive-in movie, when I was 16. I did have a bit of a reputation for a while . . . the guys used to say I rooted like a rattle-snake. But rattle-snakes only root once a year,' she smiles wickedly. 'And that's *not* me.'

JOANIE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CLIVE McLEAN

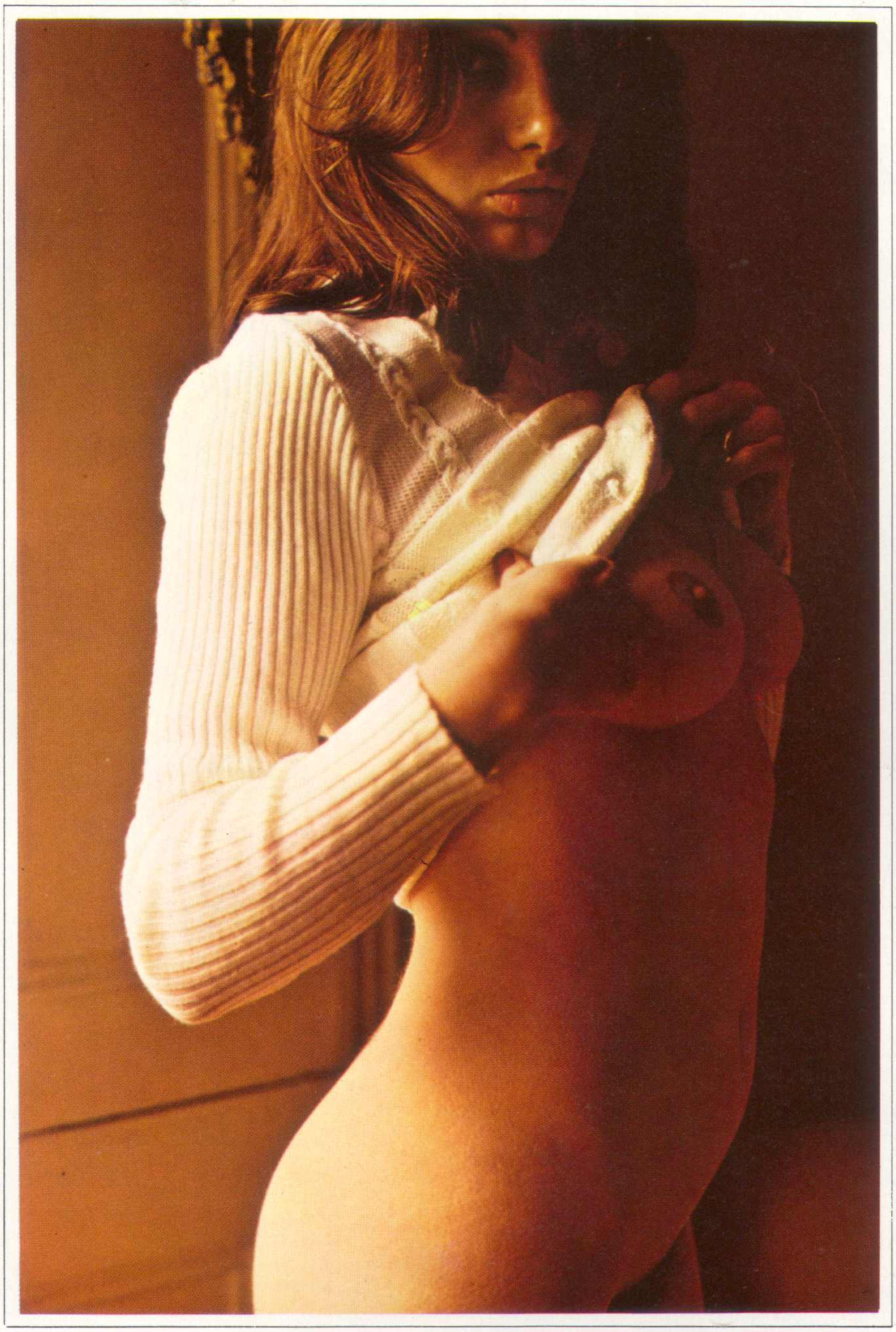


A lover of the simple life is our Joanie, not for her the razzmattazz of big city life with the tinsel glamour of discotheque, penthouse, boutique and bistro. She's a country girl, at home in the familiar and comfortable surroundings of Somerset's Mendip Hills, where the pace of life is easier, slower and infinitely more friendly. She smiles, a little shy perhaps, flattered by your interest. Joanie Allum is 23 years old, and for those with figures on the brain, she measures 34–24–35. Soft, rounded curves;

dark-nippled breasts; slim, boyish hips. Dark, shining hair, cool eyes and a warm smile. Superb and ultra-feminine. Joanie's a girl for long walks in autumn woods; snowball fights on sparkling crisp and frosty winter mornings; misty rain on an afternoon in April and beachside barbecues on velvety summer nights. Let your romantic fantasies run wild as your eyes take in her long legs and smooth body. Perhaps in another, earlier age she would have reminded you of a Thomas Hardy heroine. Tess of the d'Urbervilles perhaps, or maybe Bathsheba Everdene, for far from the madding crowd Joanie certainly is. Beautiful and seeming-innocent, but not without a hint of underlying sexuality. The kind of girl whom one imagines just might from time-to-time leave off her panties under the lace and petticoats. Half-close your eyes and you can almost see her with ringleted hair, a diamond pin glittering at the throat of a long dress that rustles and sways as she walks. A tantalising image, never quite within reach, yet always near enough to fill you with

hope and desire. She flirts. You grin, finding anger impossible, despite promising yourself that you'd be stern and unyielding. Then the image subtly changes from woman to girl, needing love, affection and tenderness, yet there is still that glint in her eye. The lazy, half-mocking provocation. Sensuality lurks, occasionally surfacing, then fading like an almost-remembered dream. To grasp and understand her many moods would take a lifetime. Her whims, her desires, her fears all fascinate you. She'll inspire you, arouse you and infuriate you, but somehow you can sense that there's no need for jealousy or envy – false and treacherous emotions at the best of times. For while you have memories, Joanie will always be there. You'll recall a smile, a glance, a touch; as fresh as tomorrow, as vivid as spring lightning, yet mellowed and smoothed by the passing of time. Yes, a very special girl is Joanie.

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / JOANIE ALLUM



ANNIKEN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

If indoor games happen to be your bag, 23-year-old Anniken Robertson may well be the girl for you. Anniken's a *Scrabble* buff, continually delving into the dusty recesses of the Oxford Dictionary and surfacing with words like *xyster* and *quaigh,* (no, we don't know what they mean either), to confound her opponent and rack up more points. Anniken lives in Totteridge, north London, but her background is, coincidentally, very similar to Mary Rankin's – another superbird in this issue – in that she was born in Scotland, (Elgin in Anniken's case), and moved down south when just a baby. The coincidence doesn't end there either, for after leaving the Southgate County Comprehensive at the age

of 16, Anniken, like Mary, turned to a hair salon for her first job. Anniken worked at the Ann Hardy salon in Palmers Green before heading her 5 feet 5 inch, 37–24–36 towards office reception work. So now it's the daily rush-hour grind on the tube to the West End. 'I've found that there is one attraction to tube travel though,' smiles Anniken. 'When men ogle me, I ogle them right back. Very attractive some of them are too. I find it flattering when some strange man chats me up, but I really am a one-man woman.' She laughs. 'But even if you're faithful, it doesn't stop you appreciating other men. I'm a Scorpio and we're supposed to be sexy, but I got through sowing my wild oats a long time ago. Sorry chaps!'

ADAM'S EVES

Our diary of a man-about-birds

Took a cousin of mine to Inga's parlour for a spot of massage . . . Said I'd call back for her later . . .

Inga didn't seem to believe it was really a cousin . . . But she said she'd give the poor girl her personal attention – for old time's sake – and Inga's personal attention is pretty effective . . . guaranteed to loosen every joint in your body . . . Apparently Inga wasn't too happy about something . . .

When she'd finished with my cousin she decided to liven the place up.

She felt her girls weren't putting their noses to the grindstone, or grasping their opportunities . . .

By the time I called back she'd just about tied everything up. My cousin looked a bit shaken. Inga said she'd fixed her for good . . .

Two inexperienced stallions on a spree. A town full of eager young fillies. A landlady with a prow like a battleship and hungry eyes. Topless go-go dancers and a waitress mad to please. It must be the holiday of a lifetime

GETTING A DIP AT PUDDLETON-ON-SEA

Nostalgia by Anthony Jones

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE KINGSTON

Then there was the time I took Misery Malc to Puddleton-on-Sea to lose his virginity. Of course he let on he already had, but some things are a bit difficult to hide. I mean, a bloke who suggests snipping the top off your Durex for extra sensation . . .

We rode out of town on the two-thirty stage from Victoria one hot Saturday afternoon.

'Yessiree, we aimin' to ketch us some *wild* pussy!' I informed a startled Jamaican porter as the train pulled out. 'Yeeehooo!! Tits 'n' ass!' I said to Clapham Junction.

I wouldn't say I only had one thing on my mind. I had after all set aside ample time for liquid refreshment. All work and no play, as they say . . .

'Don't worry, pard,' I drawled as we snapped open our midget British Rail lagers. 'You'll be lucky to keep your britches on for five minutes with all them hot broads down in little ol' Puddleton City. Yep!'

I gave him a cheery nudge just at the right moment to send a tidal wave of froth up his nose.

'Hnnnnnn, gggghhhhh,' he said miserably. 'I've never had any trouble pulling the birds.'

To look at him, you'd think he'd never had so much as a choc ice, let alone five minutes with a scrubber after closing time. And you'd have been right.

For the occasion, he had brought out the Ram Outfit, as we nicknamed it. This consisted of a yellow shirt covered with pictures of First World War aeroplanes, a green and blue tank top with 'MARVELMAN' printed luridly in huge letters, and vivid green elephant bags: the whole ensemble perched on platform heels of the kind you could only get on prescription so that suicidal types couldn't jump off them.

The Ram Outfit had yet to notch up its first victim. Yet beneath the unpromising exterior of mousy hair, ghastly complexion and big ears which Malc presented to the world, there lurked amazing stud potential. His libido, like North Sea Oil, would be great stuff when it got to the surface.

Aware of his shortcomings, Malc was a furious devotee of body-building, cross-country running, and all the most cripplingly unattractive sports. As a result he had a superb body, compact, lithe, and heavily muscled. Naked in the shower, he looked like a miniature Greek god, as long as you didn't see him from the neck up.

His antics on the parallel bars put Tarzan in kindergarten. Dump him in Dartmoor on Outward Bound, and he hiked to Land's End and back before you had time to light a fag. But deposit him in front of a bird and he went beetroot, spilled beer down her tits, stammered, erupted in spots, and, worst of all, he *farted*.

I have never come across as atrocious a fartist as young Malcolm. He delivered the kind of two-weeks-of-chop-suey stinkers that made PE teachers blanch. And his most appalling farts occurred when he had an erection. You could always tell when Malc was daydreaming at the back of the class by the disgusting stench which hung over his desk. This dreadful handicap in the sexual stakes was popularly known as Achilles' Hole.

I sighed. Somehow we had managed to remain sort of friends through school until this, the end of our fifth form year: Malc, like a well-oiled but unused machine, hungering to go into action on some (indeed on *any*) ripe female body; myself, after one or two gingery Experiences, still looking for a real, honest-to-goodness, nice, proper, decent girl to hump the bejasus out of.

To tell the truth I was a bit, er, well not *frightened* of women, but sort of *puzzled*. My most gingery experience had been Tess Rogers, a sixth form tennis star who offered me some 'lessons.'

Then there was the girl who demanded a cigarette as a prelude to Penetration, after I had got her alone in a bedroom at a party; and when I returned panting with a new packet, I found her happily occupied under the school hurdling champion. Or the one to whom I devoted an entire school dance, only to have my suave suggestion of a breath of fresh air and/or grope in the bushes greeted with the information that she was a Mormon.

And so on. But this time, in prurient Puddleton, Tony Jones was going to PULL A BIRD with no mucking about.

☆ ☆ ☆

We had to walk about a mile from the station to the seafront boarding house at which we had booked. Puddleton seemed a pleasant enough place: nice fresh breeze off the sea, fierce sunshine, seagulls

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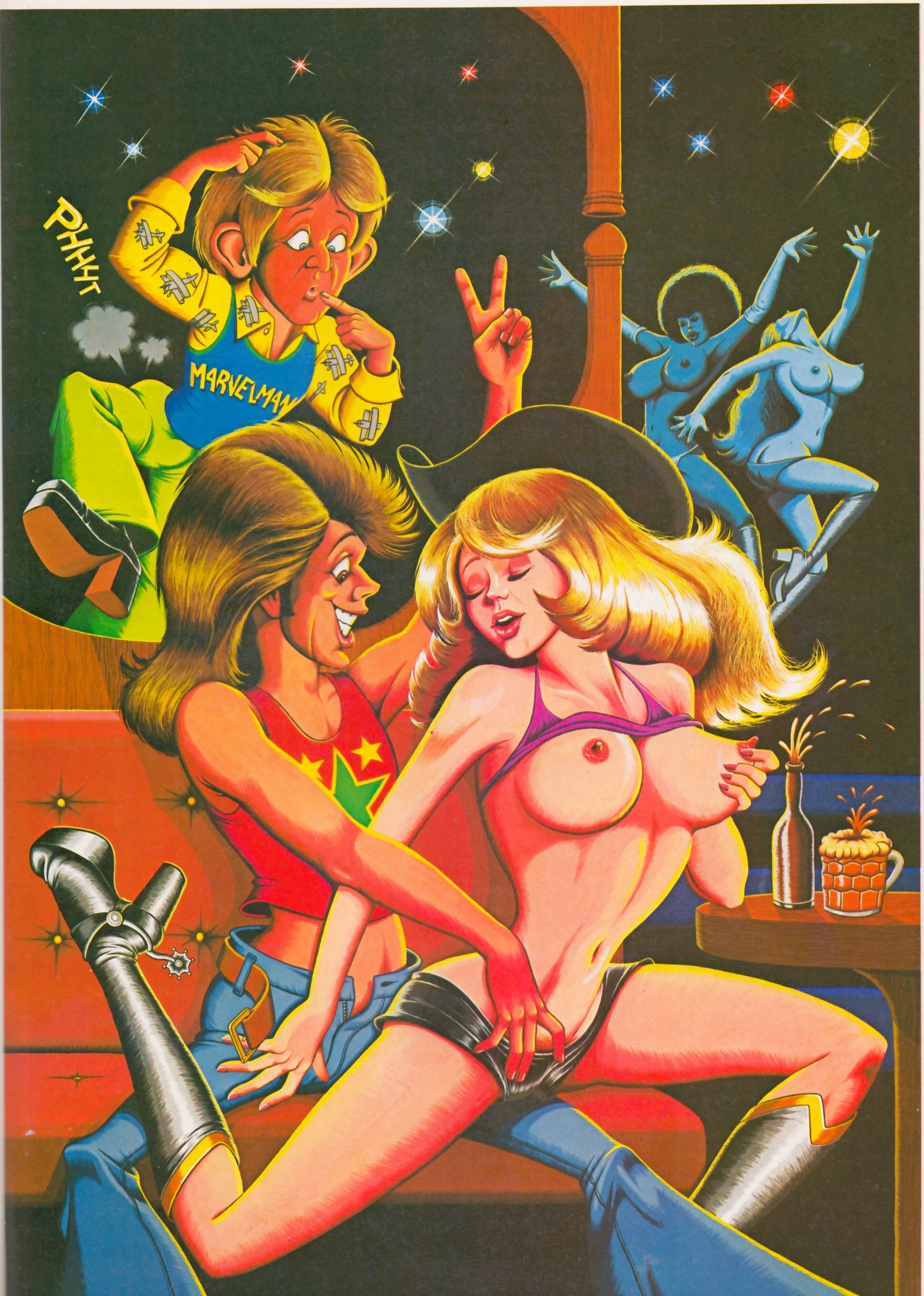
PHHHT
MARVELMAN

SYLVIA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Pantihose are the curse of the petting classes. Nowadays only our fathers and grand-fathers remember the thrill of a taut suspender belt, firm elastic suspenders, silky-soft fine denier nylons and that tantalising gulf between stocking tops and half-hidden sexual treasure. It's an all too common male lament. All the more refreshing then to hear a lithe and lovely young lady express the same sentiments. 'A boyfriend first gave me the idea,' says 19-year-old Sylvia Drayton. 'I was

only 17 at the time and I'd never worn anything but pantihose. But I was very fond of my boyfriend and he was so anxious, so I did. I had an awful job finding somewhere to buy them and even then they took a time to get used to, but you should have seen my boyfriend's face!' Wicked laughter sets her grey eyes flashing. Then a toss of long blonde hair. 'Actually they do make you feel ever so fruity. You look perfectly all right from the outside but you *know* there's that gap between the tops of the stockings and your knickers. It's like having a back door to the castle.' Five feet four in her stockinged feet, Sylvia keeps herself in suspense more and more. 'Unless it's really brass monkey weather,' she grins. 'Otherwise suspenders can be terribly practical.' Another wicked laugh at our curious look. 'They really are a defence when you're petting. The trouble with pantihose is that if you want to do anything you have to take the awkward things right off and before you know what's happened it's all happening. With suspenders

there's lots of room to manoeuvre. You don't always want to go the whole way – at least I don't. Anyway none of my boyfriends have complained. They're quite pleased when they find out!' A receptionist-cum-secretary, Sylvia's eloquent 34B–22–34 adorns a cream and brown 'module' in a small London public relations firm. 'It's a sort of desk with a canopy,' she explains. 'I love it; it's so cosy and enclosed. I'm a terribly shy person at heart.' Home is a rambling flat in Chiswick, shared with two old schoolfriends and two men. 'A very platonic arrangement,' she insists. 'I couldn't live on my own and it's nice having men around. They're very useful when you're at a loose end.' A shriek of laughter. 'To go out with, I mean!' Her grey eyes grow serious. 'The only men I would take seriously now are fairly mature, around 30 with lots of experience. But they mustn't be cynical or hard. I like men to be a bit silly, or vulnerable.' She shrugs. 'Of course all the nicest ones that age are married.' Sylvia, we're sure a girl like you won't be kept in suspense for long.

QUEST

The laboratory of human response
Volume Seven

This month we publish the second part of our survey of girls with exhibitionist tendencies. Sexual display, either through revealing dress or total nudity, is a common aspect of love making. But there are moods or situations where women derive intense sexual pleasure, often to the point of orgasm, by exposing themselves to an appreciative audience. This can be as simple as a girl doing housework in the nude – with the possibility of a passerby glimpsing her – to actually allowing others to watch her during the sexual act. All three women interviewed here had experience of these or similar desires. The interviews reveal how widespread and powerful are these feelings, if only on a fantasy level.

INTRODUCTION

In this, part two of our survey into feminine exhibitionism, we look at the roots of the tendency – those female fantasies where sexual 'showing off' comes to fullest flower, and the ways in which women seek to repress, or express their exhibitionist fantasies in real life. Here the dividing line between fantasy and reality grows very thin, emphasising perhaps the power of the underlying sexual need.

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

One **Fashion buyer, 27 years old, dark haired, town of origin Lancaster**

This interviewee, a vivacious and out-going young woman, started working life as a window dresser at the age of 15. Since then she had progressed to the job of fashion buyer for a small chain of Midland stores. She was divorced and at the time of the interview had lived with her present lover for a year.

Quest: Tell me about the game you play with Larry.

Buyer: I abuse him. I taunt him with my body and try to arouse him until he can't stand it any more.

Quest: What does he do?

Buyer: Watches. He pretends he's not interested, or he's so enslaved by me he can't get away, even though he wants to.

Quest: Where does this take place?

Buyer: In the bedroom, usually. Sometimes in here. Wherever we feel like it.

Quest: What does Larry do when he is aroused? Make love to you?

Buyer: Sometimes. Sometimes he just pops.

Quest: Pops?

Buyer: You know, climaxes.

Quest: You don't mind that?

Buyer: I think it's marvellous. It's a marvellous compliment. When a man wants you so much he comes just by looking at you. Don't you think that's nice?

Quest: Can you describe how the game is played? When did you last play?

Buyer: Last night. On the sofa you're sitting on, actually. But normally it's in the bedroom.

Quest: Run through what happens.

Buyer: Well, last night I was home first but usually Larry is because he can get away prompt. He manages an office in town, which is very good, I think. He *is* two years younger than me.

Quest: Go on.

Buyer: Well, Larry would be sitting down in here, reading the paper perhaps when I get in. And we'd say hello and just chat for a while while I get rid of shopping, say, and we'd decide then if we were going to do anything.

Quest: You mean discuss it?

Buyer: Oh no, it has to just happen. If I see that look in Larry's eye. I can always tell when he's feeling fruity. He has a sort of hang-dog look. It's very difficult to describe, but terribly useful. I mean, to anyone else, he just looks bored or a bit liverish. It's only me who can tell he's practically bursting his flies. Heaven knows what would happen if any other woman found out.

Quest: What happens then?

Buyer: We can tell instantly if we're going to do it. I get excited even then. I get damp very quickly. I would walk through to the bedroom and kick off my shoes as if everything was normal. As if I was just getting changed. Usually I take off my pantihose too, they can be an awful bind if you're in a hurry. Then I call in Larry.

Quest: What do you say?

Buyer: Something quite normal. Like, 'My zip's stuck, darling. Can you give me a hand with my dress?' And he comes through and unclips me, even though there's nothing wrong with the zip. Then he would flop down in the bedroom chair and go on looking at his paper. Last night I was wearing a blouse, I remember. I said I was all butter fingers this evening, could he unbutton me? And I went and leant over him while he unbuttoned me all the way down.

Quest: How would Larry be reacting to this?

Buyer: He'd be excited – I can tell by his breathing – but he always acts annoyed. As if he didn't really want to be dragged away from his paper. And the best thing of course is when I first see his bulge.

Quest: What happens next?

Buyer: In the bedroom I'd only have the bottom half of my dress and my bra on and I'd move about, admiring myself in the mirror. We have an old fashioned wardrobe with an enormous mirror. I love looking at myself. I get quite kinky about it sometimes. And then I'd go, 'Oh dear. I can't seem to work my bra clip,' and I'd tech and go back to Larry and kneel down on the floor beside him and he'd say, 'Oh, not again,' and sort of reach round my breasts and accidentally brush them and I'd say, 'Careful!' and then he'd unclip me and I'd just let the cups fall and turn round and he wouldn't be able to keep his eyes off them. But I wouldn't take any notice and lean forward over him and say something like, 'Anything interesting in the paper?' And his hands would come up slowly as if to cup me and I'd be able to see a beautiful little bulge in the front of his trousers. But just before he touched me I'd laugh and stand up over him, and his hands would drop back, all disappointed. And I'd say very coldly and sexily, 'You can look, but you can't touch.' And he'd look at me pleadingly, but I'd say, 'You don't think I'd let a *boy* like you touch my body. I'd rather be pawed by a drunken old tramp. But you can help me get undressed. That's about all you're good for.'

Quest: Saying that would excite you?

Buyer: My heart would be thundering. I'd stand as close to him as I could and heave my crotch practically in his face and very slowly he'd ease down the bottom half of my dress and I'd step out of it and kick it aside and then I'd say, 'Now my knickers too.' And it would be all I could do to stop trembling while his fingers touched me. His hands would be so cold and sweaty, shaking too sometimes. And he'd peel my pants off very slowly and sensuously, and I'd watch my first curls peep over the top, then the whole of my bush until he'd pulled them right away from my sex. Then I'd bend quickly and step out of them and slowly open my legs and stand even closer to him with my hands on my hips, looking down at him contemptuously, over my breasts. That is so unbelievably exciting. To be absolutely naked there with everything – my whole sex – inches from his face and his eyes just burning with lust over every inch of my body, but he still can't have me. I won't even let him touch me. He's still not worthy. And I say, 'What are you panting about? Haven't you seen a naked woman before? You look the sort who only gets excited looking at pictures. Well, this is a real body. These are real tits and a real cunt.' Sometimes he pops then.

Quest: You actually use those words?

Buyer: I love using them – to Larry.

Quest: What happens if he doesn't pop?

Buyer: I walk away and admire myself in the wardrobe mirror. I might say, 'You can't leave yourself alone, let's see what you've got. Let's see what you're hiding in your flies.' And I'd turn round and go to rush over to him as if I was going to unzip him myself, but he gets panicky and tears at his trousers and kicks them off and his erection looks so enormous in his Y-fronts I can't tear my eyes away from it. Sometimes – that's so gorgeous I've brought myself off just looking at it – he's so big and fat he sticks out the top. And I say, 'Well, what are you so shy about? Let's see what you've got.' And I stand in front of him, further away than before, and watch as he pulls down his pants. And seeing it like that, erect, so mesmerising, it's all I can do sometimes to stop running and grabbing it. Larry has such a beautiful penis. Beautiful to look at. And if that doesn't make either of us come, I say – which isn't easy sometimes – 'Call that a prick. I wouldn't let anything like that fuck me if you paid me. It's pathetic. I wouldn't even want to touch it . . .'

Quest: And Larry just listens to this?

Buyer: He starts to play with himself, he has a very loose foreskin even when he's very erect.

Quest: And you go on talking?

Buyer: I was going to say. I go on telling him how useless it is, how I wouldn't even feel it inside me. I say, 'God, I could have three of those inside me before I'd notice. You know you're so pathetically useless I'd rather frig myself than even let you touch me.' And I fall back onto the bed with my legs apart, facing him, and begin to touch myself and I'm so close I hardly need to touch my clit before I'm climaxing. Or sometimes Larry jumps up and rushes towards me and his erection spurts as he does that and that brings me off.

Quest: And sometimes you make love?

Buyer: Now that's not fair. You asked me about our game.

Quest: I'm sorry. Why do you think you find it so exciting?

Buyer: Because I feel worshipped. As a woman, I mean. I think I've got a nice body but I could do with some facial improvement. I hate my nose, it's much too big. Larry makes me forget all that in the game. I'm the most beautiful woman in the world to him. Plus the straight sort of female teasing thing. I think that's important too. I love to tease. Larry says I can be very childish.

Quest: Did you ever do anything like this with your husband or boyfriends?

Buyer: No, not really. Gary – my husband – was quite dull sexually. I can say that because he doesn't pay me any maintenance. Larry brought all that out. He was the first man to show me sex can be fun, which is obvious, but not if no one has ever shown you! And when everything is so enjoyable it becomes easy to speak freely. I just told Larry about my fantasy.

Quest: The fantasy you act out in the game?

Buyer: No. In my dream there are lots of men, a vast crowd of men in fact. And they're all naked and they undress me – all in very strict fashion – on this podium in the middle of them. Then they all get gigantic erections and beg me to let one of them fuck me. But I refuse and taunt them and they all climax simultaneously and I stride away untouched and they're all too exhausted to stop me.

Quest: Very like the game, in fact.

Buyer: Larry thought of the way we could do it.

Quest: Do you have other games?

Buyer: Sometimes we do it the other way round.

Quest: You mean Larry undresses?

Buyer: No! I become the slave and Larry orders me what to do.

Quest: How does that work?

Buyer: I put on oldish clothes – ones I'm not too fussed about and I have to stand still and not object when Larry does things to me. If I do I do the washing up for a week, something silly like that.

Quest: What does Larry force you to do?

Buyer: He pretends he's buying me at an auction, sometimes, and pulls my clothes off. Then when I'm naked he runs his hands all over me but I mustn't pant or breathe heavily. He terrified me once. He got me to lean over the edge of the bed – naked – with my legs apart and my bum stuck right up in the air. I thought he was coming up the wrong place.

Quest: He made love to you in that position?

Buyer: He prodded me about with his fingers until I didn't know whether I was coming or going. Then he came right into me – all the way – and pulled straight out again, the bastard. I nearly collapsed.

Quest: What else does he do?

Buyer: Sometimes I have to lie on my back on the bed – naked, with my legs open, and he undresses and prods me all over with his erection. But I'm not allowed to move. Then he comes into me and I'm not allowed

to react. I have to lie there and think of England. That one never works.
Quest: Why particularly?
Buyer: Because I have to be dripping wet for him to get into me and how on earth do you keep still when a big strong man is fucking you?
Quest: Which game does Larry prefer?
Buyer: I think he likes both. He was my slave first. He said he'd always imagined women like that before he'd had any, when he was a teenager. It was the way he fantasised about the girls he saw in girlie magazines, initiating him. But he had fantasies about being totally in control as well.
Quest: Which game do you prefer?
Buyer: I like them both. Both make you feel womanly and sexy in different ways.
Quest: Be honest.
Buyer: I like to be in charge.
Quest: Thank you very much.

QUEST

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Quest: It was still switched on?

Waitress: Oh yes. And I began to get the most strange feeling. A sort of tingling. As if my insides were slowly turning inside out. And I suddenly realised I was wet and aching like mad. I remember grasping the vibrator and pressing it hard against me and gasping for breath. I forgot everything. It was such a gorgeous, beautiful sensation. I couldn't breathe and I looked down and the top of it was forcing me apart and I leant forward on the bed so it pressed further in and the top was right inside my outer lips and trembling and trembling and I could feel it happening to me – I couldn't stop – and suddenly there was Sandra.

Quest: Sandra came in?

Waitress: I never saw her. She was standing in front of me and I couldn't do anything. She looked totally sober and she bent over me, all excited-looking and said, 'That's right, love. Just push it in slowly, let it happen. It's nice, isn't it?' And I thought for one awful moment she was going to take hold of it and push it into me. But she didn't. And I just remember my mouth hanging open and panting like mad, and then I came.

Quest: You pushed it into yourself?

Waitress: Not very far. I just remember flopping back like a rag doll, absolutely shattered. I'd never had such a powerful orgasm before.

Quest: What did Sandra do?

Waitress: She stayed with me, till it was nearly light. We didn't do anything. Not with each other. She showed me how the vibrator could make my nipples stand up, which was lovely too, and rub it up the crease of my bum. She said she could make herself climax just by rubbing all over her body sometimes. She told me some incredible things.

Quest: Like what?

Waitress: One boyfriend she'd had used to like watching her bring herself off with it and even walk about the bedroom with it stuck up there. I mean, that's amazing, isn't it? I'm sure it wasn't my father who asked her to do that. I didn't ask about her and him. But she told me the best thing of all was to really show herself off – to make a man absolutely mad for her, so he'd do anything just to have her and then be so grateful when he leapt on her he'd screw her and screw her until she was sore. And then she'd make him want her all over again.

Quest: Sandra taught you a lot then?

Waitress: It was funny. That was when I really got to know her and like her, and it was the last time I ever saw her. For some reason I couldn't go the next month and then we heard that she and Dad had broken up, and then Dad was offered this job overseas. And my mother found the vibrator in my bedroom at home. I'd only borrowed it, and then everything blew up. It was an awful time. Terrible arguments. I had to go.

Quest: And it was when you were living alone in London that you had your fantasies?

Waitress: I'd always had sort of dreams. I suppose Sandra fuelled them. I was just so alone. I took an awful clerking job while I was waiting to go to secretarial school. An office full of old women. Hardly anyone talked to me. I spent whole weekends in my bedsit. I just couldn't summon the courage to go out.

Quest: What did you dream?

Waitress: I couldn't get Sandra's idea of teasing out of my head. I thought that was so lovely. I had this strange strange fantasy. It was always in a hut, somewhere quite rough, I don't know why. Quite large and there'd be a lot of men there. I don't even know what they were like exactly, except for one. The one I was with. He was different people, sometimes a boy I'd been very fond of once, or someone famous. Always someone nice. And he'd be showing me off to them. I'd be incredibly statuesque and bosomy and beautiful with hair down to my shoulders, but I'd ignore all of them. I'd just turn my nose up disdainfully as if I was only there because I chose to be and they were hardly worth considering.

Quest: Just how would he go about showing you off?

Waitress: Oh in the most sexy, exciting way possible. Quite crudely in fact. But I'd let him because they were so unimportant. He'd just tear my clothes off, they'd just crumble away when he touched them, and when my breasts were bare I'd throw them out for them all to gasp at. And when he yanked my knicks off in one go I'd stand astride and they'd all start to grow enormous erections which I wouldn't even look at. Then my lover would grasp my breasts in his hands, one at a time, and show them to the others and my nipples would stand up like thimbles, and he'd say, 'Have you ever seen tits like that?' and all the men would shake their heads. Then he'd make me lean backwards, holding me round my waist and he'd open my legs with his other hand so they could all see right into me, and he'd say, 'Wouldn't that drive you mad?' And I'd straighten up and toss my head and glimpse them panting and gasping for me. Then my lover would say, 'And she fucks like a dream too. Just watch!' And he'd pull me to a bed in the corner and I'd go like a sort of proud, beautiful, haughty animal, and he'd throw me down and start pawing and kissing me roughly and crushing my breasts and sucking the nipples while his hands roamed all over me. Then he'd yank my legs apart and mount me, and all the time he'd be giving long hard strokes it would be unbelievably exciting, utterly gorgeous but I'd be grinning and laughing at him at the same time and at all the men who'd be crowding round watching with their erections all throbbing and obvious and mad with jealousy. They wouldn't be able to believe their eyes! Then my lover would groan and burst inside me and I'd throw him off me to show he didn't matter at all and the whole crowd of men would fall back. But I'd stride forward and pick one out and he'd stumble back as I walked towards him until his back was to the wall. Then – I haven't worked out the details! – I'd press him right into the wall with my naked body and I'd lift myself up somehow – perhaps with handles or something in the wall for my feet and hands – and I'd lower myself onto him and gradually pull myself up and down on him, slowly at first, then faster and faster till he came.

Quest: You've obviously worked a lot on that one.

Waitress: Oh I've had a lot of practice. I've thought of that for years.

Quest: Did you use the vibrator when you thought of all this?

Waitress: I did during the bad time. I've got a regular boyfriend now.

Quest: You've never tried to put it into practice?

Waitress: I'm not supergirl! No, it's nice to dream about showing myself off, but I can't be a prick-tease. It's so dishonest. If I really loved someone and trusted them and we turned each other on completely then I might suggest it. Or something like it. I can't imagine what it would be like having someone watch while we were doing it. I think if it was a man I just wouldn't be able to do it. I don't think I'd mind a girl. Someone like Sandra. But there wouldn't be much point in that, would there?

Quest: Thank you very much.

Three **Housewife, 34 years old, brunette, town of origin Sevenoaks**

This interviewee had been married 13 years and had two children, a boy aged 10 and a girl aged seven. Her husband was a university lecturer. They had met and married while at university.

Quest: When did Trevor first take nude photographs of you?

Housewife: You did get to that quickly! At college, that was how we met. You are looking at Miss Rag Doll of 1960, believe it or not! I was our college rag mag's first nude centrefold. First student nude, that is.

Quest: You appeared completely nude?

Housewife: Oh nothing like your magazine today. I think, one nipple and a hint of pubic curls. Very tame. Everything had to go to the principal's office to be passed, you see. It was so funny Trevor literally leapt on me in the refectory one day and said, 'You are Miss Rag Doll!' He was so persistent. He always goes at everything like a bull at a gate. So intense. He was so keen on taking the pictures I never thought he'd bother to make a pass.

Quest: So you agreed?

Housewife: I liked him too. I wanted to see how long he would keep asking. I was always testing people then, I'm more sure of myself now. And it was such a shambles. The picture session. It was in Trevor's room because he had the camera. Half the rag committee squeezed in to have a peek. I was petrified before I went. There was only one girl there and she left almost at once. Actually it made me feel better. No unbiased criticism, I suppose. They were all so funny. So academic and objective, and more scared than I was.

Quest: You didn't mind so many seeing you?

Housewife: I wouldn't have gone if it had been Trevor on his own. But I did tease him awfully. He was so shy, getting redder and redder. He kept saying, 'Look more interesting,' when he meant, 'Look bloody sexy.' I think I gave him more than he bargained for.

Quest: How did you know that?

Housewife: Well, he asked me to stop before he'd finished the roll. And he was getting excited.

Quest: He had an erection?

Housewife: A neat little bulge in his jeans. I don't think anyone else saw. Actually I was very wicked. I was an awful cow then.

Quest: What did you do?

Housewife: I can remember sprawling on the bed while the others were packing up the equipment and Trevor came over with my mac to cover me up. And I asked him something, so that he stopped, right in front of me. Then I twisted round and dropped my legs on the floor, wide apart of course. He didn't know where to look. He went absolutely scarlet, because I hadn't really opened my legs for the shots. He was talking absolute gibberish. Then someone else came over and he practically flung my mac at me. Really I deserved to get raped for a silly trick like that. But at least he didn't forget me.

Quest: When did Trevor take the pictures Don saw?

Housewife: That was on a holiday we took after Sarah was born. I was very low and I'd let myself go a bit, so I took up some keep fit exercises, which didn't seem to make any difference at all. Trevor and I were starting to snap at each other and then one day he rang up and said his parents had offered to take the kids, let's take a cottage in Scotland. So we did. It was lovely. The weather was beautiful. We had a loch to ourselves. I don't think we stirred farther than the local village shop in the fortnight. We did quite a bit of walking, and taking pictures – Trevor is as good as a professional now. And I turned up on the last roll. Nude, I mean.

Quest: That was deliberate, was it?

Housewife: Not really. I woke up one morning and found myself staring into the camera. I remember saying, 'Oh God, I must look awful!' But Trevor insisted I looked marvellous, all cuddly and sleepy-eyed. I kept complaining but he went on snapping, saying how rosy and fit I was after all my exercises and my walking, how I looked better than I had in my rag mag pictures. It was all joking really. I mean, I did like the compliment but it was all so silly. And I felt quite fruity – I remember vamping terribly. Doing my Marilyn Monroe impression.

Quest: For both of you?

Housewife: Oh yes. Trevor's dressing gown was quite noticeably dented. It felt so strange too. I mean, in the college photographs I did come on quite strong but I was always aware of being inhibited. But being with my husband, the man I screwed with, was different, because there were no restraints really. It wasn't as if he was seeing anything he hadn't seen before. I could sprawl on the bed with my legs apart and say, 'Darling, fuck me!' and look as if I meant it. Which is being incredibly uninhibited. The only inhibition is doing something that might outrage your partner. That was the only fear.

Quest: And you kept the pictures?

Housewife: I was amazed when Trevor produced them at home. He developed them himself in the college labs. It gave me the oddest feeling, because they were of marvellous quality for a start – pinsharp – obviously not faked. I mean they quite turned me on, but I felt I oughtn't to be looking at them somehow. I told him he'd have to get rid of them, if only because the children might find them.

Quest: But he left them where Don could find them?

Housewife: I didn't know that till later.

Quest: Tell me about Don.

Housewife: Don was one of Trevor's students. He used to come to the house quite often for tutorials. It was about three years ago.

Quest: Did you find him attractive then?

Housewife: I realised he was attractive. We joked about, none of it meant anything. I was very happy with Trevor.

Quest: Until Trevor took up with his girl student?

Housewife: She came to two tutorials at home, I think. A very attractive rather than pretty girl, very aware of herself. I remember telling Trevor, 'You'll have to watch her.' What did he say? 'You mean she's too much like you used to be.' Something like that. That was when he started a run of out-of-town lectures, staying overnight sometimes, and I heard that he'd been seen out with the girl one evening. My best friend told me. Isn't that classic?

Quest: You never asked him about it?

Housewife: No. Probably I should have done. It sounds so silly now. I'd just had my thirtieth birthday and I had that 'over the hump' feeling. The best ten years were over. I know that's all pathetic, but I was feeling vulnerable, and it was just when I wanted reassuring, not a Godawful shock like that.

Quest: And this was when Don came to stay?

Housewife: I forget the details. Don had come back to college early because it was his finals term, but there was some confusion with digs and Trevor offered to put him up. Then Trevor had to go away for a lecture tour up north – that was going to happen anyway – but then he had to stay another week. I suppose I was left with Don about a fortnight. I only saw him at weekends. He spent most of the time in the libraries, and I had the children at home.

Quest: How did he see the pictures?

Housewife: Don had the attic room, which is really only a junk room with a divan bed. We keep all our papers and files there, mostly in an old filing cabinet Trevor bought. One day I was tidying up Don's bed when I found this handkerchief stuffed under the mattress.

Quest: Handkerchief?

Housewife: It looked as if he'd been masturbating into it.

Quest: That upset you?

Housewife: It didn't *upset* me. I know men have spontaneous emissions. I suppose he could have wrapped a handkerchief round it just in case. But I assumed he'd actually been masturbating. It just seemed odd somehow. I'd never thought of Don having needs like that. I think he'd mentioned a girlfriend at home once, but that was all. It was just a very obvious reminder that he was male. Then something made me go to the filing cabinet, I've no idea what. It wasn't even a suspicion. And there it was, at the front of the first drawer.

Quest: Your photographs?

Housewife: In an old buff envelope. They hadn't been there before, I was sure of that. It was just too much of a coincidence.

Quest: How did you feel?

Housewife: Absolutely chilled to the marrow, at first. A really horrible guilt. Like being caught out at school for something ridiculous, you're so angry at yourself! And then I thought, 'God you can't face him; you're bound to give yourself away.' But I had the feeling that I couldn't be that bad to look at after all if I could make a good-looking 21-year-old that excited.

Quest: But you didn't want him to make love to you actually?

Housewife: I was very glad Trevor was coming back that weekend. Then of course his call woke me the next morning.

Quest: He wasn't coming back?

Housewife: Some silly excuse. Or perhaps it wasn't. I just needed him then and Don was there with the kids. I couldn't say. He said he couldn't be back till late Monday. And that was when Don suggested the trip. Some college friend had lent him his car for the weekend. He hadn't anything planned, he offered to take us all to the seaside which the children leapt at.

Quest: And you didn't?

Housewife: I had no choice. I didn't honestly feel up to inventing excuses. I was so angry at Trevor too. It was a trial.

Quest: Why?

Housewife: Because I was aware of Don. As a man, I mean. I couldn't be completely natural, and any man responds to that, it's the glands or something. And I wanted to be just natural, desperately but I couldn't clear my mind. Even the children sensed it. Kids can be terribly sensitive about atmospheres. Sarah came out with some remark. 'Couldn't Donald be our daddy too?' I nearly died. Don looked at me so oddly. I slept badly again and in the morning I rang Trevor's hotel. I had to speak to him. And they said he'd gone on Friday night. I was flabbergasted. I felt lost. I just couldn't cope. And I think it was only my parents coming round that saved me. My mother thought I looked tired with the strain of having the children to myself and offered to take them for the night.

Quest: Where was Don?

Housewife: Oh, out for the day. Probably for the night too. He was visiting friends. I'd never have stayed alone otherwise.

Quest: But Don came back?

Housewife: Very late. I was in my room, in bed but not asleep. I'd dozed in the afternoon and I still couldn't get the thought out of my head that he'd found me exciting. I heard him come up the stairs, open and shut his door, get undressed – the attic room is right above ours – and then the filing cabinet rumble open. I felt my stomach churn. I remember thinking, 'Oh please, *please*, don't.' Then his bed creaked. My heart was bumping. And then – perhaps it was imagination – a kind of gasp. And I thought, 'No, it must stop. I must *say*, it's not fair.' And the next thing I knew I was on the stairs.

Quest: What were you wearing?

Housewife: A nightdress, I think. Only a thin one. I wasn't thinking very clearly.

Quest: Go on.

Housewife: I got to the attic landing and it was so quiet. I started to think, 'What if I'm wrong?' But Don's door was ajar. I was so scared I thought I'd faint. And I peeked through. He was on the bed, sort of squatting with his back to me, stark naked. I suppose I gasped or made some sound. I *was* shocked. And the door fell open. He jumped like a scared rabbit. And I saw the photographs spread out on his pillow. And I saw him too.

Quest: He was excited?

Housewife: He had an erection like a truncheon. It looked absolutely enormous. I don't know if I'd been so used to Trevor for so long. Not that Trevor's not well endowed, just different. And I couldn't move. I just stared at him and it, my mind a blank, and he stared back at me. I suppose if he'd screamed or hidden himself or reacted quickly I'd have run away hideously embarrassed. But he didn't. Very slowly he twisted round and put one leg on the floor and then the other and stood up. Then he moved so slowly across the carpet watching me. I just swallowed, his penis seemed to bounce in front of him. It was like a dream. Then he was standing right in front of me and it was almost pressing into me and all I knew was my heart thumping and he said, 'You're the most exciting woman I've ever seen.' Honestly that was all he said.

Quest: What happened then?

Housewife: He fucked me, he didn't make love to me or be romantic, or anything. It was just a cold, hard fuck. As simple and crude and achingly exciting as that.

Quest: But how exactly?

Housewife: He pulled me to him and kissed me, and I couldn't breathe. I remember his penis sticking into me so fiercely, and his hands were squeezing my breasts through my nightdress. My nipples just throbbed.

Quest: You didn't try to stop him?

Housewife: I couldn't speak. I wanted to cry. Then he pulled my nightdress up over my head and held me to him again and his body was so warm and hard and beautiful, I thought my skin was going to burn. And he was talking or whispering that I was so beautiful, so gorgeous. His hands were all over me, cupping my breasts and my pubes, prising me – down there – with his thumb. That was so crude. It made me ache, and ache. And I think he drew me to the bed, and I saw my pictures scattered all over it. Picture after picture of me pouting and writhing and heaving my body at the camera. And Don lowered me onto them so that they bent and crackled. Then he knelt beside me on the bed and his face looked distorted by lust. I'd never seen such *naked* wanting before. I tried to whisper, 'Please . . .' Don't ask me what I meant. And he grinned. He said, 'No, you want to show me, don't you? You don't pose for pictures like that unless you mean it. You want to show it all to me, don't you? Because you like it.' And he stroked me as he said it, right from my shoulders over my breasts to the top of my mound which he pushed into farther each time so that I gave little jumps of pleasure. It throbbed so much. And suddenly something snapped in me. One minute it was a dream and the next I knew he was right. I did like it; the thought of being exposed like that excited me something rotten. And I grinned and pouted and pushed my boobs at him. It was like a wave of pure wickedness; there was no Trevor, no kids, nothing except pure sex. And Don's face dropped and I knew I had him. I could do what I liked. He started to clamber over me awkward all of a sudden and I was grasping his penis and smiling and opening my legs wide and drawing him into me. Then he touched my lips and I almost screamed with the gorgeousness of it, like an act except that it was real too. And he came in smooth as silk, right into me. And I wanted to lust and writhe for him and drive him wild but there was just the incredible feeling of wanting to hold him deep deep inside and have him move and slide and stretch me all at the same time. And he was panting and gasping and he humped me once and then twice so brutally I squealed and his chest slapped on my breasts. I wanted to eat him! But he kept on until I was clawing at his thighs, terrified of losing him, and coming and coming. And he exploded like a tidal wave, I cried out loud it was so gorgeous, so sensational and I collapsed absolutely exhausted, too tired even to hug him.

Quest: What happened after you woke again?

Housewife: Don was fast asleep; he looked just like Robert – my little boy – sleeping. I crept back downstairs and went straight to sleep. He'd gone when I woke in the morning; he was due to leave that week anyway. It was odd. I don't think I'd minded if he'd stayed. It was as if something natural and inevitable had reached its conclusion, was all over. I'm sure I wouldn't have regarded him in a sexual way ever again. I suppose he thought it would be an impossible situation. I've only seen him once since, very briefly.

Quest: You never told Trevor?

Housewife: I think he knew. I don't mean any details. But I think he sorted something out too while he was away. We've been very happy ever since.

Quest: What happened to the photographs?

Housewife: I had to burn them. Actually Trevor suggested taking some more the other day. I might let him if we're in the mood.

Quest: Thank you.

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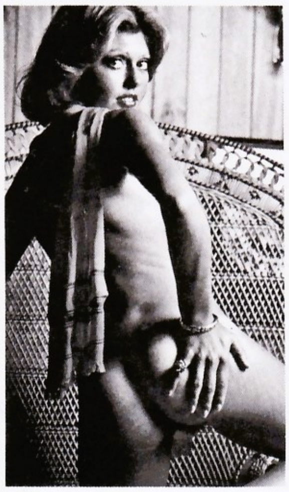

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LETTERS

continued from page 10

lowered my panties – a little voyeuristic touch I appreciated. He suggested I leave my suspender belt and stockings on as they made me look and feel more sexy. He then complimented me on my breasts. I have extremely sensitive nipples which expand, literally, to the size of thimbles when I am aroused. By this time I was all 'goose-bumps'.

He led me over to a low couch rather like a gynaecologist's examination couch, sloped slightly upwards so that my bottom was higher than my head, with side-supports for my legs. He made me lie flat on my back, with no pillow to start with, and he began gently massaging and fondling my breasts. His touch was light and experienced and he gave exceptional attention to my nipples as he played his thumbs over them. Almost in spite of myself I broke out in a shivery tingle. His assistant brought in a bowl of warm, foamy liquid and held it while he dipped his hands and transferred the bubbles to my chest. Then he gave me a delicious, slippery massage over my neck and chest that relaxed me and made me feel really randy. I closed my eyes and felt wet and oozy between my legs by the time he'd finished. I was then dried carefully with a soft towel and he ended by massaging a scented talc onto my breasts, under my arms and down my tummy to my abdomen. Then he told me to sit up and move forward to the edge of the couch, so that I sat with my legs hanging over the edge. The nurse reappeared and they laid me right back, raised my legs vertically and then rested my calves in the supports at the side of the couch. Elastic straps held my legs in the two channels and then the supports were adjusted until my legs were as wide apart as possible without discomfort, and my knees bent. He sat down on a stool between my spreadeagled legs and explored me with experienced fingers, exposing my clitoris and exciting it softly and deliberately until my ever-increasing palpitations and moans gave a clear indication of my mounting need. He then used a double finger-stall to penetrate and explore my vagina while he continued to tease my clitoris. It was absolutely fantastic. He cleverly gave me countless tiny delightful orgasms, until he withdrew leaving me quivering and all tingly. He must have had a large range of dildoes, for the one he chose fitted me like a hand inside a glove. I could see it as he lubricated the head, with some sort of cream, and which I found had been thoughtfully warmed up. I suppose it was about nine inches long and he just slid it inside me – far more precisely and skilfully than any man has ever inserted his penis. I always become noisy and tend to lose control at such times. This time was no exception.

As I approached orgasm he would seem to know and would withdraw it, leaving me gasping and desperate as he titillated my clitoris with the tip. Afterwards, I just lay weak and helpless on the couch, trying to calm down. Having soothed me, he then did it to me a second time with a vibrator enclosed in a rigid rubber sheath.

The technique throughout was detached and clinical and he was so marvellously thorough and unhurried that my orgasm seemed to go on for ever. I made so much noise that the nurse gave me a small hand towel to bite until I had regained a small modicum of composure. After this last shattering orgasm I was completely exhausted. The man and nurse then washed, dried and powdered me before I went back to my hotel, completely satisfied.

Before I left the couch though, the man bent over and kissed both my nipples. When I got back to the hotel, I slept solidly for six hours.

If this letter is published I hope that the intimate and personal detail I have revealed at such length will make someone realise just how badly some women need a completely satisfying experience, and that they'll do something about it. Such establishments could become beauty parlours, and run keep fit classes or advice bureaux on a whole range of female-orientated subjects as well as cater for sexually frustrated women.

At the very least it is high time there was a female equivalent in Britain to establishments like the male massage parlour!

(Name and address withheld)

I have recently read in one men's magazine an article on 'sky-high sex,' saying that they had no evidence of this.

Clearly an unresearched story for I was on one flight where a couple got right down to it, sprawled across the window seats of a BOAC Boeing 747. Luckily, or maybe not so luckily, depending on your point of view, they were in one of the very back rows, going hell for leather at it. Admittedly, one could not see much – no matter how much one craned one's neck.

There were numerous murmurings of disgraceful, from the more geriatric passengers, but I'm sure that the carryings-on were enjoyed by most who actually knew about it.

When the flight, from Chicago to London, Heathrow, landed I spoke to one of the stewardesses who informed me that there was absolutely nothing which could be done. She said it was that although it happened in a British aircraft, it occurred over the Atlantic,

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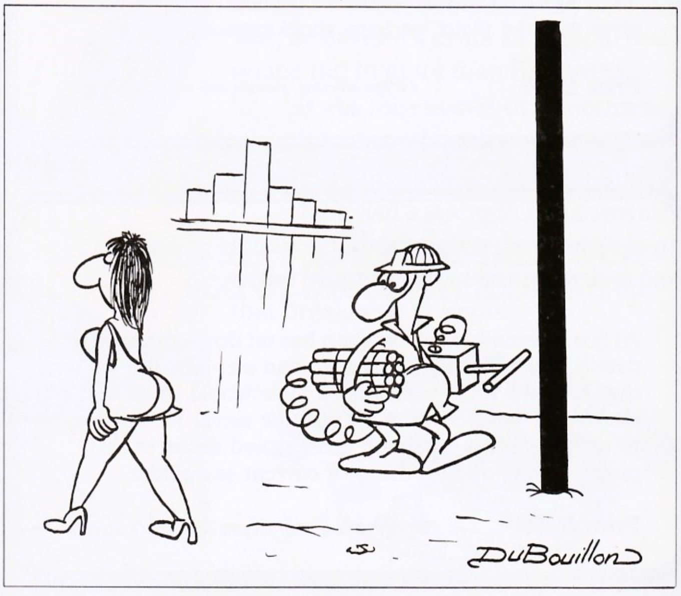

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LETTERS

continued from page 104

which doesn't belong to anyone and therefore the dastardly deed wasn't covered in any international air agreements. I don't confess to knowing the real ins-and-outs (pardon the expression) – just what I was told and saw for myself. You can't convince me that with so many flights around the world, no one has had it off in a plane. Come off it, who do they think they're kidding.
(Name and address withheld)

Apart from 'Emmanuelle', from the book and film of the same name who had it away with fellow passengers, the record must go to the Luftwaffe. Many a time a British pilot was heard to remark, 'oh no, not another Fokker!'

In Vol 10 No 8 I was most interested in Dr Charles Vintner's reply to a letter from a woman wanting to know more about group sex. It brought back an incident which happened a few years ago when I was stationed in England.

My girlfriend – I later married her – and I were invited to spend the weekend with some friends of ours. We decided to go out to a nightclub because there was a great group playing along with a fantastic floorshow.

After several drinks, we were well on our way and when the show ended, we decided to get a couple of bottles and retire to my flat to continue the party. Later, we got talking about sex and it became obvious that we were all being turned-on and getting very horny. I suggested playing strip-poker and everyone agreed. First one, then another, then the third were nude – my friend's wife won, but she too stripped naked.

The stereo was then turned on and we started dancing with each other's partners. Mine was very excited as she could feel my hard-on pressing against her stomach. We then swopped partners so we were with our own women. My girlfriend then fondled my cock and I noticed that the other couple were also similarly engaged. We lowered ourselves onto the floor, the other couple also following suit, and made beautiful passionate love watching the other couple have it off at the same time. It still excites me to think about it.
V L, (address withheld)

I was most intrigued by the letter in Vol 10 No 7 from the chap who got turned-on watching his wife have a medical examination.

Being on the Pill, myself, I go to the local family planning clinic about every six months and yearly have to undergo what I thought would be a humiliating examination. But far from it. After being weighed and having my blood pressure taken I am then told to lie down and remove my lower clothing, and await the doctor. When she arrives, she inserts her gloved hand into my vagina then prods me inside with the instrument they take the smears with. After this, which I find one hell of a turn-on, the doctor feels, prods and squeezes my breasts to check for cancer. There's only one thing I wish for and that is that one day it will be a male doctor, and then he can go as far as he likes. Well, it's all right if it's a doctor isn't it?

I suppose I'm a bit of an exhibitionist but I really love revealing my body to men – the doctor, milkman or whoever. I make sure that whenever I call the doctor in, I'm in bed in the nude or only with a flimsy nightie on and I'll get him to feel my tits if possible when he gets his stethoscope out.

It must really be a fabulous life being a doctor getting to see, poke and feel other bodies for free and without anyone saying anything about it or complaining.
(Name and address withheld)

My wife to be and I have been enjoying a normal sexual relationship for the past 18 months. By normal I mean that we enjoy each other's body to the full, without the use of aids or stimulants.

However, one evening after a drink in the local I parked my car in a quiet lane so that we could enjoy a heavy petting session. I produced a golf ball from the glove compartment and introduced it to my fiancée's pubic area – she'd already removed her knickers. Her body sucked the ball in and out until it disappeared.

I tried for a few minutes to retrieve the ball but we were short of room in the car and,

turn to page 108

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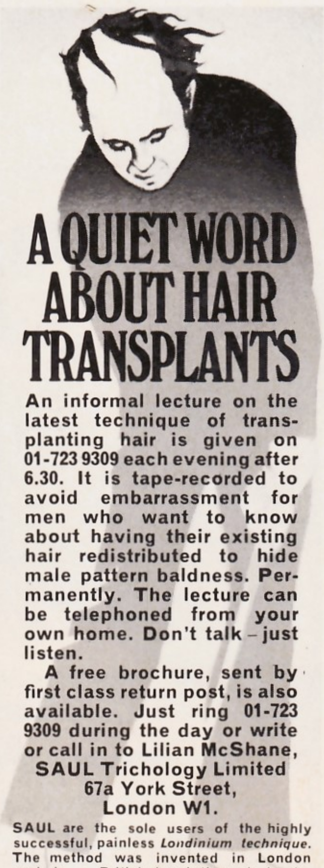

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LETTERS

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besides, I found difficulty getting my hand round the ball. She then got out of the car, and lay on the bonnet.
For the next few minutes I tried hard to get the ball out. Eventually I managed to get a grip on it and extracted it, at which point she unzipped my flies. What then followed was the most marvellous fuck ever. When we returned from cloud nine we couldn't stop talking about our enjoyment and thought your readers might also get some enjoyment from our story.
D A P, Stoke-on-Trent

Now that's what we call a hole in one . . . or one in a hole. But you've got to admit she had you bunkered there.

C P B's letter in Vol 10 No 9 about his non-standard Standard Eight was very amusing. Having myself driven Standard cars dating from 1907, I can safely say that despite being pioneers of multi-cylinder engines the Company never made a five. Indeed, apart from the recently introduced Mercedes-Benz diesel unit for their car range, I believe the only application of this power unit is for trucks. The 'technical description' of CPB's unique Standard would do justice to an Emmet creation, but it's a pity the Eight never did have twin overhead camshafts – the addition may have made them go rather better.
Ian A Robinson, Long Itchington, Warwicks

Readers have been so numbed by the GPO's fantastic postage increases that we thought that CPB's clever spoof letter might force the perceptive to put pen to paper.

Although *Mayfair* is a few months old when it reaches us here, I can truthfully say that it does not lose anything of its quality. I have at times bought most of the adult magazines from Britain, the US and here in Australia, but *Mayfair* is way out on top. Your special features, humour and fiction are second to none. Your jokes page is fabulous. Your letters columns fantastic, far superior to any others I've read. But Quest is my favourite: I marvel at the way the interviewees open their lives for the interest of others. As for the girls, they're perfect. Back in Vol 10 No 1 I think I saw my ideal woman in the shape of Suzie Harvard. Oh her luscious upstanding nipples and her inviting pubic bush. I'll have to search for her twin here in Australia. Thanks again for hours of pleasure. You're the greatest, *Mayfair*.
Keith Whittaker, Thornlie, Western Australia

Mayfair excels in the photography of pretty women, and in particular to shots of their buttocks. I am convinced that for many men this part is the most seducing and in some parts of the world, notably Africa, where I have worked for 25 years, the sex attraction par excellence. There the breasts belong to the baby, and naturally soon become unattractive. But the woman loses nothing of her sex-appeal as long as her bottom remains attractive. I am a dedicated bottom man, having had my first sexual experience, which involved rear entry, with a girl who took much delight in showing off her bottom.
In my travels in Africa I came upon one tribe in which children were not only encouraged to masturbate frequently but also to practice intercourse from the rear. Girls in this tribe, which I came to know quite well, went naked above the waist, but never showed naked buttocks.
I, for one, would appreciate some lovely backsides of dusky ladies in your fine magazine.
H R, Wegberg, West Germany

I've read with interest the recent spate of letters on the subject of shaving pubic hair. I remove mine by means of a cream, a far more comfortable way than using a razor. The smoother skin and pre-pubescent look really turns me on. My girlfriend, a very precocious young lady of 16, agrees with me, too. And it's had a bonus in that since I commenced shaving this area my sex life has improved no end. She, for instance, is more willing to perform fellatio with me now.
J B, Halifax, West Yorkshire

C T D's fascinating letter in Vol 10 No 9 about the astonishing erotic impact of a beautiful girl dressed in Victorian

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LETTERS

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underclothes has an important message for you and for other readers. Some of the attractive ladies whom you present to us would look even more attractive if they were shown in, or out of, such garments.

My own education in the matter began in the Vienna of 1913 when I was one of a few small boys admitted to the junior forms of a celebrated school for girls. One day I had a headache, if my memory patchily serves me well, and the kinder of the two sisters who ran the school took me to the parlour and made me lie down on a couch in the window behind a curtain.

After awhile I was aroused by voices, one of them the harsh voice of the more severe of the two sisters, who was scolding someone in no uncertain manner. Very cautiously I peered through the curtain, and saw that the person being scolded was the principal beauty of the school, a tall, slender, violet-eyed blonde who later became a countess. Presently the mistress rang for the matron, the countess's white dress was unfastened, and under my delighted eye she was exposed in white muslin bloomers to the knee, deliciously close-fitting over the thrust of her exquisitely shaped behind. As the countess bent over a chair, the captivating contours of her lovely buttocks were more excitingly exhibited than if the headmistress had pulled down her knickers. The head had now armed herself with a light cane, very thin and tapering, with which she whipped the upturned bottom before her. The countess squirmed and wriggled deliciously as she received six strokes. After the punishment, the matron unbuttoned the countess's bloomers and exposed her exquisite behind.

Cold cream was then smeared over the red streaks. The countess was then permitted to pull up her bloomers, was helped into her frock and was then dismissed.

Vol 7 No 5 – a treasure for all lucky enough to possess it – shows an exquisitely pretty blonde girl in Victorian costume, kneeling before the sofa with her long skirt lifted and exposing the most elegant imaginable bare bottom to a smartly dressed gentleman, who is about to cane her. This issue itself would have been greatly improved if it had shown other photographs of the lovely lady preparing for her punishment. She would have looked so bewitching in Victorian bloomers that one would scarcely have objected if she had been allowed to retain her knickers during caning.

Jacsh Böhme, Oxford

And here to make your month, Mr Böhme, is an illustration we recalled from 'Miss (the memoirs of a lady of quality . . .)' translated from the French published by Janus Publications, £5.50

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

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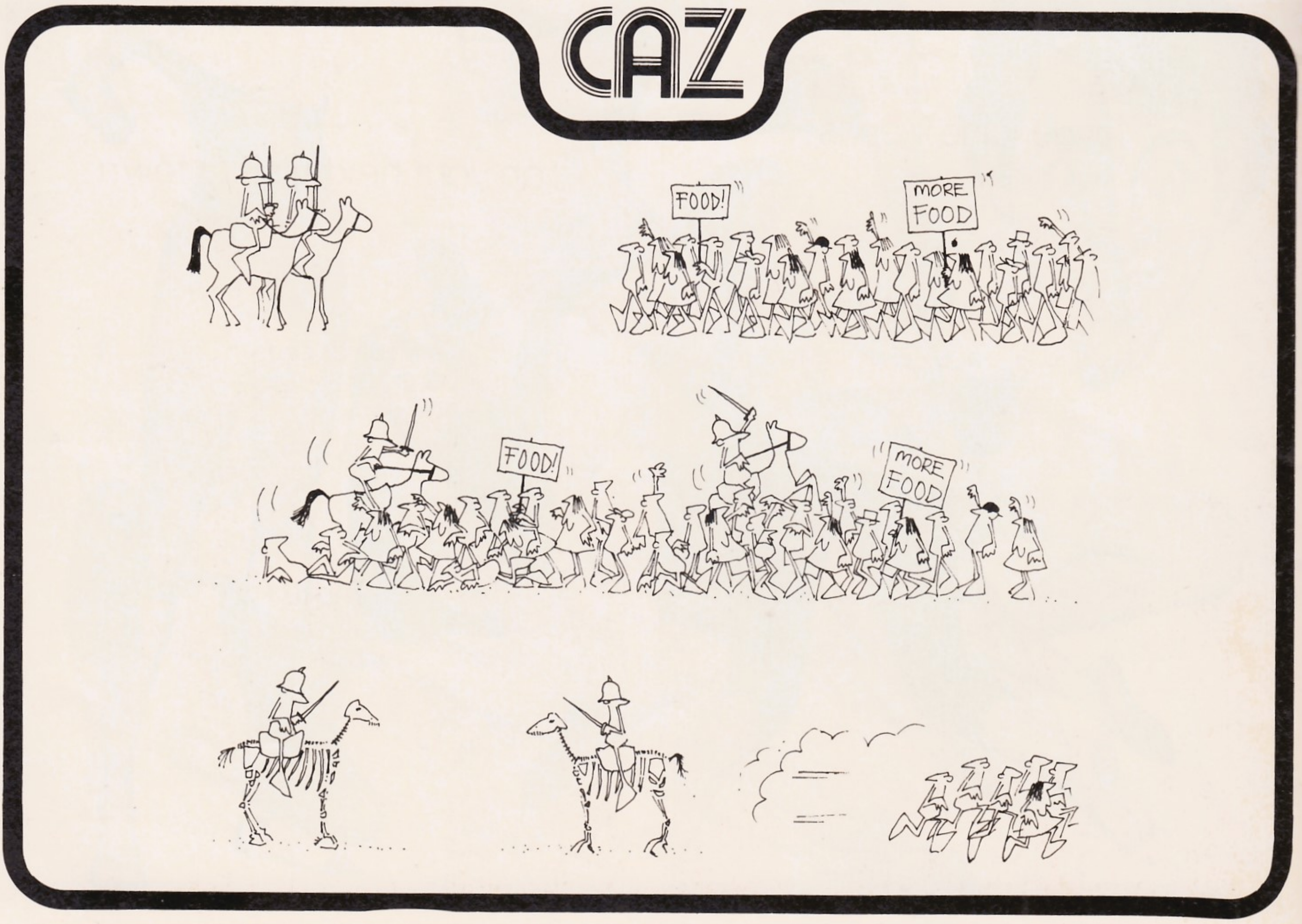
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